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TO A FRIEND, WITH VIOLETS.

BY ESTELLE STONE BROWNE.

I gathered them on Rank and Irene,
Steeped in the dewy tears of morn;
When the first tender touch was born
That set the song-soul all afire!

Upon the shadowy bosom of Night,
And drew with stinging barbs for veil
About her, lying mute and pale
All the half-spent gems of light.

These sandings of the suns and showers—
The children of the early spring—
Ere hill-noise blush and woodlands ring
And happy birds come back to flowers—

Like sweet sentiments they come,
Bathed in the tints of mid-air skies,
Breathing the nectar of paradise,
To gild my golden hour of home!

When silver banners of the mist
Adorn the morning hills are hung,
And the dim, trailing robes of Night
Are draped with fiery amethyst—

Or sun-set haze of crimsons rare
Above the twilight vesper are borne,
And wild wrecks pour with silver tongue
The story of their sad mishap—

Into the jeweled ear of Night—
And all the sympathy nature has
Swing the white blossoms of the stars,
And each their glorious core of light;

Or when the slender creamers moon
Droops like a crescent ring of gold,
From Twilight's hand, and this cool shell
Adrift in the deep mien of Jove—

Or, hanging like a silver shield
Above the morning mists are bathed
Shines in the purple veil she
Our sister's shape of Double Star—

The symmetry of these slender verses
Is like the violets' modest grace—
Sweet hope, my dearest friend, of thine,
And promises of the golden hours!

I know that these art bright as they!
That they will blossom in your heart
Some little tender type of them
And crown my life some happy day!

Take one, that I may count it mine—
Take weak of blossoms for mine—
Or else, with memory and sympathy
And your an eloquent name as we!

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Ramsey Beecher, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A NEW LIFE.

Frank Heal returned from his summer wanderings, wearied, and nevertheless with a divided heart. Never had he loved his mother more, nor hungered more for home. Yet there was a shadow on the threshold. He evidently had much to think of. He was more industrious. Never before had he applied himself with an address a purpose to his art. His young friends missed the absent one.

"Frank, what's come over you?" said his gay, long-haired, mesh-making friend, Lewis Kenwick. "You have not been writing over nine you came back. You don't seem like yourself."

"But I think I am only just coming to myself."

"How's that? Not going to be religious, eh? None of that sort of thing!"

"Not exactly. In fact, I hardly know what ails me. But it seems as though I had been trifling all my life, and using up art to do it with. History I have been painting playthings, as it did fancy. Now I only know that I am dissatisfied with myself, and want to do better."

"Brother! What got into you?" I should think you had run afoul of a shindy, or stumbled into a church-door!"

"I might do worse!"

"Why, you're getting to preach, I'll bet I come, and will tell I'll join your church—I'll turn down when you become parson! You and I together ought to run the machine!"

"No such person, Lewis. My reformation does not reach outside of my art. But, to tell the truth, I don't see what use — you and I are painters for?"

"Why! Because anybody paint for! Because it's an agreeable way of getting a living. It's genteel, light work, and always pleasant-cattle in summer, comfortable pay, good company—why, it's the politest trade in the world!"

"That's about it; and I turn away from it. It seems to me that not one canvas ever on earnest life is such a way. At any rate, I've got to find out who has to say somewhere, or quit."

Frank's mother perceived the difference in her son's speech, but, cheaper to conclusions was quiet. He began to read Ruskin's works with avidity.

The scales were falling from Frank's eyes. Like to little the great aims of life were taking letters him, and asserted their full power upon him. Then, his art fell down into its true place, and became a mere instrument; no longer was the end.

He began to experience an earnest desire to be near, to come into the life, to know it by experience.

"Shall all the struggles of men go on and I have no part in them? Shall man emerge painfully to clearer views, to nobler aims, and I, indeed a point of beauty, reach forth no hand to help?"

Frank Heal looked back upon his joyous existence with art in former days with reproachful. He set portfolios he thought not to burn. Many of his sketches he destroyed. But, while in life art, it occurred to him that an occasional turning of the things which he must abandon would never signify to a good discipline and increase his progress. All those which in the days of his blindness he had thought very fine, he laid back into portfolios and burned the rest.

His mother did not think it prudent to question her son. From his summer's letters she knew that he had not been steadily delighted with Rose Wentworth. Whatever solicitude or curiosity she may have felt, to know the real state of his heart, she left him time in proper to be inquisitive.

If indeed Frank could have formed a connection with Dr. Wentworth's family, she would have rejoiced. He was, and deserved, such intimate. That something had greatly influenced her son, was too plain to be missed even by the dimmest eye. But shall it was she entirely divine. On the one hand, there was a sobriety tinged with sadness—as evening within him of new forces—a persistence and industry in which, indeed, he had never greatly deficient, but which now became a marked feature of his life. She hardly knew how to account for it. Surely not her was it anything greater than before. Now and then his old boyishness of glee would break out again, and he would frolic with her in a waist of gaudy sweet sentiment. But such seasons grew rare. He seemed more and more like one full of a great idea and controlling purpose, toward which he was turning all the forces of his life.

On the other hand, he spoke of Rose with the utmost frankness. Never a word escaped him some word of hers was not repeated. This did not seem calculated to the curious of keeping of beginning love.

One day his mother ventured to say:

"Frank, it seems to me that Rose Wentworth is your model, and the author of your inspirations. She must be a remarkable young woman."

With no disturbance of manner Frank replied in the negative:

"I do not think that I owe so much to what I see in Rose, and have not a number of others."

"You mean that she drew you to her by the charms of her person more than by her conversation?"

"No, not that. I was thinking of the influence which I have derived from that family, to my own art. What Dr. Wentworth and his family said was certainly more instructive to his than anything I had ever heard until then. It was he that urged me to study Ruskin. We were sitting on the piazza one evening, and it Miss Rose was questioning her father about some Ruskin passage. I was quietly listening, when suddenly he replied:

"'It is extravagant, my dear. Ruskin is full of wildness, and tangles himself up with himself like a vine growing on itself. You read Ruskin just as you explore a region, finding many treasures and much that you avoid. He has his brier thickets, his contorted trees, his muddy streams. But, taken as a whole, the landscape is rich and grand. Ruskin is like a forest, on whose edges and in whose depths are many noxious plants—but those bear no proportion to the magnificence of the woods, the grandeur of the trees, and the salubrity, in winter and summer, of the many which the forest draws from their beautiful shade.'

"Then, turning to me, he said:

"'Have you studied Ruskin?'

"I replied—I have read portions—extracts—from his works.

"'After a pause, he said in a very gentle way, as an afterthought, but correctly—My young friend, Ruskin is not to be read in extracts—our single rival Carlyle is not to be read in that as an infection. He should throw you into a fever. The whole current of your mind would be it. He is like those diseases which renovate the system. Do not read Ruskin at all, or read his full period. Afterward you will recover well; you will throw off poison. You will return, but base, little. But, your whole constitution will be changed. You will observe differently, and think differently, nature differently, all the rest of your life.'

"'Oh, father,' said Rose, 'is it not a pity that one so good should be so sick?'

"'Certainly it is. What then? We are glad to gather ripe fruit. Darwin explained little science ground, but there were two tons of straw and chaff required to get that little grain. Would you have a man all grain? Yes, worshiping is natural; and our sentiment—for prayer was made so well, to begin studying him in our thoughts to be worshiping—would be a great mistake. It is dishonest. Everybody is imperfect; and strong natures, strongly developed, are worst, old writers, old artists, old men are likely to be too strong to walk safely by the side of young men of plasticity and delicacy.'

Frank had been led along by his sentiments, till he found himself speaking with excited eye. After a moment's silence he started up.

"Oh, mother, I forget to say the only thing I have to—That which I seek first in the Word worthy, was the intimate relationship and personal sympathy of Christ with his disciples and nature. Her father has brought Miss Rose up to feel that all of nature is Heavily, but a way which God has of making known to us his feelings, came with the Word. It is not from her intimacy, that sounds, colors, forms, phenomena, did not stand for spiritual ideas, but suggested a living presence. It was unconscious. Others could not perceive it, but I always, I had never before met with such deep insight, such a power to see unreservedly into men, such fulness and richness of knowledge, in a young person, so unaffected, so modest, so attractive."

"I should have thought, Frank, that such charms would have been irresistible."

His only reply was:

"Our mongrel—low mongrel."

The winter rolled away speedily. Frank Heal was never so little pleased with the result of his work. He had never labored so hard. But many bothering new courses are like-tinted members. The roughness and waste are unperceived; the genius of the new award. Frank never had attained so far, and yet never seemed to himself to have moved so little. But, as this was his applauded life-work, he came out of repeated disappointments with renewed courage, and kept bravely on.

Meanwhile, had supplanted Winter, and now Summer was fulfilling the promise in fruit-ripe. But this year Frank did not would go with him; and early in July, Frank, in one measure of joy, found himself again in Norwood.

FRANK HEAL AND ROSE WENTWORTH IN THE HOUSE BOAT, WHEN SOME OF THE SCHOOLMATES BROUGHT THEM HOME.

Solomon, to all his glory, never went over to commencement rigged out like this."

The carriage was out about by the arrival of the Cutbertsons. Dr. Basil and Judge Bacon were there to see, and Mr. Brett, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, and several families besides. This year all borrowed left disappointed that one of the boys was to carry off the honors.

Hiram took the lead. Was a smile was on his face. His small eyes flashed out from under his projecting eyebrows with unusual brightness, and his good spirits showed themselves in continual reports to his horses; in salutations to everybody that he met, whether he knew them or not; in a vast touch of his whip on a dog that ran out to salute the company; in twirling the reins around the neck of a goose that stood gravely looking at the road full of people, and attaching the reins several yards off.

"Chase along; don't answer; lots of your sort seen at college where you."

They soon came to the bridge across the Connecticut. Hiram must have a look at the women who took toll. She was some sixty years old, of very complexion, with a thin and bald face; her large spectacles, mounted on the top of her head, served as blinds. "Her old man's dozing somewhere in the roof of the Doctor's barn."

"Miss Patty, have you ever a man come across here this morning?—a rather big one, with one eye—looks as though he was twinkin' at you all the time—red hair, wears a hat—and has a real handkerchief round his neck? Hides on a grey horse—well, something of the size of Dobbing's, maybe?"

"A man with red hair and handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"On a gray horse?"

"Yes—with a long tail."

"Let me see—Polly I—here, Polly!—have you seen a man with horrid carrot across, with red hair?" Hiram struck in. "With red hair, Miss Patty? Yes, I have."

"About what time?"

"Why, I don't know! That's what I want to find out. He had a parkmonky behind him and a—"

"Wal, I guess he hain't come along yet. Shall I start anything if he comes?"

"Yes; tell him that I think he had better come along. I've got a message from Dr. Basil."

And with that he gave a sharp chuck or sort of whistle, which every horse knew understood, and in a moment obsequered in the covered bridge. Then he turned and looked back with a slightest possible look of humorous vexation.

"Now, I'll bet a dollar that Dobbing's been ordered away body. Well, I shall teach one of the boys a lesson. Don't you say a word, Rose."

Rose's response was to look confident; which, in fact, she was not. Her father's manner always deceived him as to left the stable. He deep his own counsel. He was a humorist, and not a hair—and, when in more rare, mischief in his eye, he was sure to be full of inscrutables in horses. Wouldhiram ages is well known to all who have had to do with him. Rose knew that her father would not take such a liberty with Hiram's horses, and trusted John's discretion.

"Hiram," said Dr. Wentworth, "who is this you say you engaged for?"

"Well, sir, when I find out, I'll let you know. I keep things to myself, you know, Doctor?"

"So people always mind the law, and keep within it?"

"That depends. When the boys are on a lark, I don't see how they can help it. There's a trot about here: they thinks the bridge too long, but a fellow can't drive along with his pa; he allus thinks the bridge too short; and he's particular about keepin' the law. Only last week I was about here, and I heard a sort of smack behind me, and the horses began to trot. Says I, 'Whoa!' and they went on. Says I, 'Whoa!' and they went on. Says I, 'Whoa!' and they went on

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land that a free and intelligent people, chiefly in business, managing their own matters, and constantly accepted in nothing by the compulsion of law, had unanimously enough and with sense of instinct enough in their normal states, and that across two old hot lands, the Atlantic, to be fed on fruits and sunsets, this view was pursued to an extreme. But it was a reaction from a use of unreasoning wrath were degrading to man's mind and inconsistent with the freedom of the commonwealth.

On the third morning Rose was called early, for her father wished to see the sun-rise from the Alpine cloud-lower. Many men graduate from Amherst without knowing that they have beheld the supreme one of the latest sights that will ever bless their sight—an exception to be sought for.

It was yet a half hour before the sun would come over the Pelham hills; but the east was all aglow. Seeds and starts of cloud seemed shaken up from below the horizon as if from a crater of colors. Long beams of light raced out, forefirm, as if there had been a fibrous structure to the light.

They had scarcely turned to look upon this flaming fuel before they were joined by Burton Caldwell, who had in some unaccountable manner learned of Rose's intention to see the sun rise upon the valley of the Connecticut.

They had hardly exchanged greetings when the sun shot its light along the scotched ridges of the hills on the south, of which Mr. Pepoon and Mt. Tom are the westward summits.

At the same instant it glowed also along the west and upon Sugar-loaf at the north. It was a sudden and complete flood of light and breadth, was more the valley, in its length, than it was before full of night. A slender field of vapor lay along the line of the Connecticut river. Beyond it, shining out and glittering, the whole valley of Mount Holyoke took on those sparkling tints on the fields.

"This is a scene less admirable but more lovely," said Mr. Wentworth, "than many I have seen travel for to see."

"Rather, you have seen the sun rise on the Hall and upon other Swiss mountains?"

"Yes. It is a sight of unequaled grandeur; but from high mountains the landscape is generalized by its distance from the eye. It requires the imagination more than the feelings. It requires a kind of appreciation and interpretation which seem to be constituent elements of the scenery of grandeur.

"But if one would feel nearness and affection to heritage lower but more pleasant associations—he must be near the objects seen. A hill for prospect should be so placed as to be in full view without great elevation."

"Sir Nature," said Rose, "is this a favorite resort of the students?"

"I suspect not," said Burton, smiling as if the term were even comical. "I have been here on this spot almost every morning and every evening, and I remember to have met but one student, and he was a freshman, and he was not here. Indeed, I have been attracted to it by the solitude."

"You must have found this valley in many fine varieties of atmosphere," said the doctor, "if you have frequented this place. Few persons have lived much in one locality without finding a number of which nature produces by vaporous versatility. We notice the atmosphere in it as a dense condition, but not in all the late intermediating gradations. The world puts on a thousand garments, and seldom two alike. Men and women are busy with their own apparel, and they have no time to behold the wonderful vestments which God has down upon the earth."

Burton's appearance was striking. Rose's presence, his own approaching farewell, and the scene of so much enjoyment, stirred him to the utmost feeling. But, according to his nature, he repressed as sign of it, and grew calm as he grew intensed. Yet the light came through his face had a high and commanding look, and every word he spoke came as with authority and as a chord well string. Yet there was no noise gained at Rose. There was neither effort nor revealing. There was on both parts simplicity and impressiveness.

"Some mornings there must have been which stand out in your memory with peculiar light," said Rose.

"Scarcely; yet have been alike. But some few stand out with extraordinary distinctness. One morning I came up here after the whole valley lay tranquilly in a fog. Then the west Holyoke and Tom appeared, and then the east islands in a wide sea. Then I watched the earth and rejoiced as the fog submerged the earth and drowned all the living people, and I was left solitary and blessed, looking out over this wide, desolate and silent sea. But so long as I was alone the solitude was magical. There seem to be in vapor very different degrees of opposition to the sunlight. It is often sluggish, and is little affected by hours of sunshine. In the early morning, no sooner did the rays pierce it than it began to writhe and twist and roll in all the forms of convolution, as if suffering pain. In a moment openings appeared, through which I saw the earth beneath, and the first distinct picture happened to be Harwood Hall, which I looked down upon as through an open window in the heaven whose sides were of fog and cloud. The whole scene lasted scarcely half an hour."

"What was the other one?"

"It was an evening scene. I was on the east side of the college, when I noticed a thunder-shower in the air. The grove, the students, everything seemed remarkable. I knew that a storm was going on worth seeing, and made for the hill-top as speedily as possible. I was not disappointed: no one was wonderful. So near and so far, so vast and so minute. All the west glowed with heat. It appeared to be one mass of vapor, dark and deep to the very bottom in the sky. A slight wind blew the darkness of this vapor, filled the hemisphere, and there were masses of it with no color. Then again it changed to flame color, and then the landscape was more wonderful still—was more like it. It seemed to be like a universal conflagration. I thought of the language of prophecy. That was the moon shall be turned to blood; and of that of Great Day when the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The whole world stood in an unnatural beauty, and the most familiar objects looked wild and unreal fearful. But the vision was of short duration. Suddenly, while all else was looking, the color was caught up again out of the sky. Things resumed their familiar aspects, and the glory had left no effects behind."

"No effects?" said Rose. "Did it not leave its effect upon your mind? Did it not throw a new color in the imaginations of your memory and of Divine power?"

"In truth I do. It awaked all my wonder in me."

"What!"

"My mother has the sense of infiniteness and the unenclosureness more than any one I have ever known. Something of her spirit I have inherited."

"I know what you mean," said Rose, quickly.

"This is the true moral effect," said Dr. Wentworth, "of the sure impression of natural phenomena—the sense of their magnificence. They are animated to human life, as if God had made them to be seen, and not merely in their overwhelming but mean, unless it be their overwhelming uses and employments. Whatever gives a shock for a moment, or ecstasy, and weakness, even for a moment, is mere, a sense of God's presence in all nature, cannot but inspire a more wholesome spirit than that which usually feels and wearies out the overdoney day.

"Such eyes as Burton mentions illuminate one with surprise, and serve, so as said in medical practice, as alterative; but I doubt whether a recurrence of them would give so much pleasure as a toothrul from days of ordinary sunshine. Nothing is so full of joy to me as the ground under my feet. When my window looks eastward, when the atmosphere is washed clean, when the blue is deep and misty, when all objects rise before the eye clearly defined, and when I breathe with ease, I am supremely glad. There is an exhilaration in simple sunlight. A flower is beautiful in sunlight, and moonlight is noble; clouds measure the whole scale, from gloomy to brilliant; the ground is grandeur, or after all, sunlight, as an object of pleasure, of admiration, and even of affection, is the sense in which the term is applied to inscribed things. Rose, you never may see storms or volcanic convulsions in it. In waves fill up the ocean verns, but never may nor utterance, in human unresting power, in utter silence, in human life and in the silence is like God and like sunlight. One of his eminences fills all those energies which awaken His spiritual globe. It is the sense of the presence of God. It creates the currents of the seas and of the air. It is the life current of the human heart in forever tranquil. It is to me the most impressive feature of the Bible that the sacred symbol which soon nearly represents the attributes of God is that of sunlight—the presence of Divine power, and its tendency, as to us.

"For, I often reflect how it seems to hide itself, by revealing all objects of vision. Nothing lives and rejoices to what it creates. But sunlight—the sun of its existence—is infinitely more wonderful than are the innumerable broods of fellow of planets that it has given to man. It is a physical beauty, there is no delight which I am more conscious of than that which comes from the clear atmosphere. I never so much wonder as when I look out from among the crowds of men for large religious symbol.

"I shall think of that which men have of some concrete representation of invisible truth—for instance, the cross, which has been made the first fashioned. But men are absolutely shut to the impressiveness of the sun. It is one of those instruments with God ordained. It is one of those instruments with God ordained signs that at best but poorly suggest the sun and stars are to us. The sun, the moon, and some give way to the sun, and the stars to the moon, and the moon to candles; candles and lamps to the fire, and fire to the sun. A light with which God glorifies the world; and the world is the theatre of human life; and the perfume, men born bundles of fruitcakes, and the sun, and the sun, and the sun, they come, all men will worship, and in their unconsciousness of the sun's power will set forth the glory of the inconsumptible God

SINCE BABY DIED!

BY GRACE H. KIMBY.

I had a little darling babe,
As fair as any flower,
She gladdened me a little while,
Then left my new-born bower.
She left me nothing but her love;
I'm lonely now, since baby died!

She lay within my arms at eve,
And there we knelt and prayed;
Our lamb, our gem—twas over then—
She'd passed away with death!

I had no tears in those first hours,
Although my heart was sore;
O, how my bosom widely yearned
To see her smile once more!

And when her father home returned,
He wept like wildest woman;
No words of ire were heeded then,
He read tears in my face!

He stamped my hand in love, I know,
And flew off to his work;
But oh! the matter now within,
Will agonize us not!

We laid her down beneath the grass,
Young flowers were growing o'er;
They're watered by the mournful tears,
I daily—daily bear!

I often cry out, in my dreams—
On waking, I'm alone;
I look into the little crib,
And think my heart will break!

The first, he shines as bright as e'er,
The other is cheerful;
But oh! they cannot charm my heart,
From one grave, lay grave!

They tell me she is happy now,
With her kind sisters;
I know it all—but cannot calm
This yearning motherhood!
I fain would lie down by my side—
I'm lonely since she died!

CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I do not record the fact because it is at all remarkable, unhappily it is not. James Morgan was fond of his wife. Many other men were the same, in the same condition. Sometimes this "steadiness of purpose" is a mixed, sometimes it is a fatal, irritating fact.

I do not know why, except that restless natures always like of restraints, this should be so. Mrs. Morgan was certainly as good a wife as Mr. Somerval—better, perhaps, if one were to measure wifehood by merit. Mr. Morgan was not the slightest idea of the trouble he was so carefully preparing for her. She smiled, had said her best, a happy wisdom by my account.

But the unexpected is frequently developed in human nature. Mrs. Morgan had a friend, who she invited the little ones of her sisters and brothers to visit her, for instead loudly proclaimed—called the visit a "rush," and the little visitors "—misdeeds."

She had yielded, and because she found that he was pleased when young ladies were invited, often had them, though she did not herself so greatly enjoy their visits. Mr. Morgan would have said because she was jealous of his gallant attentions to them. But this was not wholly true. She was a true and loyal woman, she had married him because she loved him, and knew that for this, and because she was his wife, she had the supreme right to his love and all evidences of it. So long as she had this, she was not the one to quarrel with his natural inclination or friendly regard to others.

Jealousy is one of the meanest of human emotions, and is inseparably both to the person who indulges it and the object of it. Mrs. Morgan had not, perhaps, considered it in this light; but she never allowed herself to indulge in it, not even when the growing coldness of her husband's manner and attentions told her that the rest of her life must be passed in the most distressing of all conditions.

She was a high-spirited woman. She tried to say always according to the rule of right, and to think right in all things by the precepts of the Holy Scriptures. Reposing in this faith, she waited and hoped that, relieved by a wiser than she, all things would work together for good for the dearly love passed and the light of love should begin to dawn.

So matters stood in this little disordered household—the disunited husband and the unhappy wife—when Mrs. Somerval came to the cousins which were working ill to them.

And in the meantime, Mr. Morgan, growing stronger in his mad resolve, came near prodigating the fortune he had given to bad deserving.

He had still left some sense of honor and manliness about him still, though these were points on which he had hitherto shown little disposition to concern himself where any one was concerned. At any rate, though late, he was struck with the idea that he ought to inform her of his intentions. Now Mr. Morgan was not a perfectly educated man. Understand, he was not, but he was thought by his associates to be genial and kind; and when at last Mrs. Morgan was sometimes seen wearing a sad face with the tears in her eyes, he was moved to inquire. He wondered, and could not believe that Mr. Morgan gave her any cause for grief. In fact, he thought that good people were of opinion that, if there was anything wrong, she was the cause of it.

Probably they were right. Probably she was apt to dissolve themselves considerably in regard to the characters of their husbands, and, except in flagrant cases, hardly ever appreciated the true cause of domestic quarrels and cold faces. It a woman's true delicacy and self-respect kept her long silent under wrong, if she hesitates to betray her husband in wrongdoing, and prefers to bear the blame rather than complain of him, she perhaps still loves; the bystanders, seeing the provocation, naturally pronounce her the wrong-doer, and count her grievous as against her. And as Mr. Morgan was a free, jovial man, and his wife had lately been a studious, quiet woman, somehow public opinion set steadily if not strongly against her.

It was finished. Mr. Morgan had risen with a bad headache, and had not been to church. In fact the idea of the most of the day with her face buried in the pillow that was thoroughly wetted with her tears. The premonition of a great sorrow was upon her; but it will, if dreaded, be vague and undefined.

Mr. Morgan, on the contrary, knew exactly what he was about to do. He immediately after tight to inform his wife that he was about to be legally separated from her. The next day the papers prepared in the case were to be served upon her. It thought it was unnecessary to say anything to her, but he felt her misery; still, it was his duty to inform her about his intention, and prepare her for its accomplishment, so he would, and right, kindly of course. So he set of being satisfied, even if we did not much like a person.

She got up at ten time, and made herself ready for the meal. In her cool, neat, summer dress, with her pale cheek, that flushed with sudden color as such sound of the beloved voice, the quick, startled expression in her eyes that told her awakened apprehension, made her more beautiful than she had been even in her girlhood. Mr. Morgan, looking at her as she sat opposite him at the table, could not avoid noticing this and even acknowledging it to himself.

He spoke more kindly to her than had of late been his wont, and was surprised to see the quick flush of color to her cheek and brow, and the springing tears that answered him from her eyes.

A little healing of his heart, a warmer feeling there than he had known for months, and he spoke, but it was unheeded. When he had decided to do anything he was not wont to change his mind.

"She is not well, and is probably weary of her life, as I am of mine."

A short fifth sermon, a sudden dart of pain might have made him question the truth of his words, but they were unheeded.

"Mary," he began, "I am thinking of a change to our mode of life." She started, flushed, and a deadly pallor followed, but he went on.

"I have been thinking for some time that we were very much unsuited to each other. Of course I felt sure that we shall always be friends, but it seems useless to try to live unsociably a husband and wife. Do you not agree with me?"

He paused, but no answer came from those white lips.

"Oh! another nulty fit," he commented, indolently.

He went on:

"Believing that you feel as I do, I have made some preparations for a change in our domestic arrangements."

He [illegible] of her. She remained motionless.

He paused, but no word followed.

"I have been assured that papers to prepared which will be served on you to-morrow morning, preliminary to the final decree for. Your consent, in the future, will be well provided for. I have set apart for you a handsome home and support equal, I believe, to your desires. I hope you will be happy there. I wish it all you will wish—and in your new freedom will enjoy yourself better than you have done in my wife's arrangements."

He paused and sprang startled to her side as he saw her slide slowly to the floor. When he reached her, she was lying cold and still like one dead.

A pang rent the heart of the man who had caused this suffering. He raised her in his arms and bore her to the sofa.

After a time, with proper restoratives, she recovered that she had fainted from pain. Observing that she did not attempt to speak, he went quickly to his own room, and left her alone in her misery. It was cruel cooking, but perhaps it was best that matters should have pursued. Left alone, she tugged her grief to her bosom, and, in the silence and the mental struggle, sobbed herself to sleep. Life seems very sad to her then, and she wished that she had died on her bier and would not be obscured by the pain of the world's unkindness.

Mr. Morgan slept very soundly that night, did not start, or tremble, or cry out. A grieved, patient, quivering face was not there to disturb her lips. In her frequent but short wakings, a sense of some unusual relief came over her, and she seldom fully realized it. Late at night, when she was awakened by the sound of carriages, and he commenced, as he stole away, upon her unconscious husband's departure, she had not yet met in the morning, no allusion was made to the conversation of the previous day.

About noon the proper officer of the law called and served upon her the paper rendering necessary by her husband's intentions. He went away, and was glad to effect, although he thought.

"I'll not make an opposition. Let him work his will. God forbid that, if he has ceased to love me, I should ever remind him of my claim upon and happiness."

Then she sought, as the perfect submission which had become habitual with her. But the day was a very long one to her. She knew that her husband was expected back from the city, by which he went, that night, and she was aware that the tremulously excited him, that he started, and the least noise, and yet she felt the light that was shining in her eyes, and the color that had deserted her cheeks in upon the definition of her heart. Then she thought that perhaps she decided at first, and then with vague feeling of terror and shame, that she was unwomanly and intensified.

Time dragged slowly and painfully along. In vain she repeated to herself that, feeling that she was no longer loved, she was free, and that she was purposely prolonging his absence. But the hand and the clock moved so slowly, and grew till in hot, when in the darkness, the road by which he was expected was illuminated, despite the thrice herself upon a sofa in an agony of terror. At last she heard the carriage, then in a while she stole away in the gale; always [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871.

NO THOUGHT ABIDES.—We employ no transient agents. If any one pretends to ask or seek for us, you can bid him drive on a republican.

FACES OF THE TWILIGHT.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Multitudinous faces shine upon me to-night from out the tranquil parables of an unforgotten past. Lost, but remembered faces.

All these faces are transfigured with the beauty of a love that is not of the earth, evidently, but the quintessence of heaven—the atmosphere that breathes around our God!

Some of these faces are solemn and bright, like the stars of the morning, seated in the distances of Eternity. Some are the faces of cherubic infants, who were early called away to drink of the pure waters of Everlasting Life. Very far away and bright overmen, like the faces of the Seraphim, that gladden our daily toils and smile upon us from our weary thoughts the fever-pang of care.

Others flash upon our vision, and are gone; but the momentary presence of their glory leaves behind with memory a lingering, sacred joy, like the shining tracks of "angels' trails through heaven, a way light that gives with mystic brightness, when the shining face is hid in the ever-unfolding journey of the soul's progressive spheres.

And this one! radiant with the abiding sentiment, even when the sorrowful waves of the Dark Sea would wash over it! the vigorous beauty of the dust and ashes of the lonely grave! Its features calm and pure—with a summer of peace that establishes in its holiest of eyes,—this is the face of mother! God's love!

How she stoops toward us, her dear ones, with the light of that repose that perfects whose smiling dawn upon us, out of the arch-heavens, overvaulting the lower realm of the dust! She is talk with us in the tenderness of language that none of light, till the habitudes of her pure spirit have fully down the stage of heaven and entered into the splendor of the skies!

Kindled with the thrilling glory of her imagined presence, we, while purer hearts, meanwhile the sanctity of womanhood,—of which her spirit was the living theory—blossom in us.

Living for love and sacrifice is the heritage of woman. There is no dusty peak of joy, nor the finest flight of wit, ambitious dreaming, her yearning love, her winged faith may not ascend; will not dare, for his dear sake who claims her fond allegiance and her worship. But for her tender gracious, her faithful, her mysterious art all things. And to her there speak no more the fond of battle than the waves of much wave; the thrilling of her sympathetic nature, responsive to every high and generous impulse of feeling, and pure purity, her illimitable powers of loving, and her unquenchable hope, are the angels, strong to buffet the evil with the good, war nobly with the world's accustomed nausea, and win a silent crown unassailable.

Regarded with her perfect love, robed with the positive mildness and royal purity of all-believing virtues and exalted heroism—grand attributes whereon is her partial fancy and maternal faith endow him—accepted with sublime dominion over her highest will, he reigns in her legal soul with undisputed sway king of the radiant Portland of her transformed dreams—Lord and high-priest in the white temple of her thoughts.

Out not your beautiful lips in scorn of the gentle teachings, oh ye strong, dark men—ye demigods of labor ye, with thews and sinews of steel, mighty in war and triumph! ye, whose masterful right arm is felt as the forge of fate, or drives the shining promontories of Knowledge and Discovery through fields of fearful resistance! Ye, who laugh at mere defeat and baffling hate, and with an lips and grim, defiant will, grapple the hydra of opposing circumstance, and wring a hard-won victory from the niggard hand of Fate. All your forebrands, be they grim with sweat and labor, or royal with the flash of conquered hues, are holy with the kiss of woman-hood!

With the deep, spiritual eyes that use day shall see God, look forward! The vision of the Lord's mother left upon your baby-brow when she bent to kiss it in the sacred hour of the first faint love-smile she said the sublime mission of the Christ-child! Your every thought of God is cherished with a tender and soft care, as your own motherhood no longer blessing, whispered low on earth, but audible in Heaven, sings to you that strong shield of protection in life's appointing battle. Wherefore ready with the enduring will, which a good cause with an unflinching courage, for Truth's and mankind's sake—but keep your mother's blessing and her kiss—the lips that gave them are under the sod—the memories are sacredly inviolate as the Archangel keeps the broad seal of the universe!

And while the fitful sunset radiance dies, and the cool gray silence of the twilight-hour descends on the plumbless faces brighter for a moment, then fall and fade, and then resolve themselves into a sadder twilight—the memory of lost but unforgotten things.

And so, because our hearts are tender with remembrance, and thrilling to the love that is their vanished basis and the tones of their thousand whispers, we open our sweet casket of memories, through a mist of tears, upon the religious they have left us. Here a ring, and here a thread of gold; there, a picture, the shadow of a vanished smile, and this is a flower of the past—and this the rosy ribbon that bound my first love hair. Here is a book, and here a letter, whose fair print is Via Dei—that is the Heavenly Road to the shining, golden floor deep in the sunlight and glance of cherubic eyes—and under under the dark foundations of some grim and smouldering fossil cause; gathered in the ardor and perfumes of a hundred blushing summers, left, in the glowing flush of youth, shine and their ripeness, treasured by strange alchemy, become a velvet scroll, whereon the spirits haunts the empty cup when the revelers are forgotten.

I lift it to my lips, the shining web of softness. Instinct with a strange vitality, which treads is almost human, it clings about my trembling hands, and drops in a ring and coils with shadowy, and glints of red barbaric gold.

And this: a shadowy fragrance—subtle, elusive in the first faint, sigh of Spring through piney woods—exhales from its ripen gloss—the smell of dead-leaves gold. A ribbon of a pale young face, with esteem, spiritual gray eyes, and tremulous red mouth, rises from out the silence of the room, and smiles on me with gentle, serious sweetness; then slowly fades, as with a reverent hand I lay it softly by.

A breath of once divined summer—the soul of some mysterious flower, that bloomed and perished long ago—floats dimly from the meshes of this tress—dark, unending length of a dead woman's hair. Out from the dusky brightness of the waving fire-light her fair face looks, touched with a wandering gleam of emotive story. Her lips, curved in a former smile, deny eyes, of dark, unchanging blue—slender hands, and brows of sculptured snow. The trailing robes of soft, diaphanous white, fall in her dainty feet, and shimmer through the pale, lily sea-foam glistening on the rocks. Her bridal-crown—day-lily and pink in the drooping night, lit at the wrists and throat by the coldest of pearls and the chill white fire of pearls. It is the very midnight of black hair—massive in its purple darkness, as the shadows of a forest of the Tropics, with gleams of fitful sunlight streaking its mysterious currents.

The quivering flame dies out upon the hearth, and only the red glow of embers lights the misty room. A subtle thrill of mingled awe and pain shoots to my arrows through my blood, as the face on the pillow, and the floating green robe with hair that reaches from the darkness and lays as on my lap, vanish from my eyes.

Ah me! those shining hair-pins,—these cold pearls—these tresses from some graceful head that long since stopped to the music of the sweet-voiced flow of the grave, or from the second-growth fair-shadowing friend, are mine to-night, and now well spoil of the inventor's fancies from the country in regret to the fair readers of the Ledger.

I was in Paris in 1842,—the second year of the war. The country, as we all remember, had been both prosperous and happy under the reign of Bell Bon. An immense army had been established on the banks of the Rhine, which, after a long winter spent in organizing and drilling it, had been pitted against the Austrians and successfully handed near Yorktown. That was the first battle and of course. Stopped for a month at Yorktown, each thousand was ordered to Paris to take part in the review. It was a grand men came within sight of the steeples of Paris. Everybody turned out to see them. Processions of unshop, reverses, and defeats, it was a time of joy and festivity. The Emperor ordered back in the old position of Minister of War, and Marshal Soult was given his sword and baton.

Among the many distinguished officers who came to Paris to attend the review was Colonel Bonfort, of the Second Dragoons—an officer who enjoyed the highest reputation and had their broad parents; poor sewing girls who are swindled of their hard earned wages; and unfortunate sempstresses are broken-spirited wives who are habitually and shamefully maltreated by drunken husbands and the like. Nobody interferes to prevent such cruelties. Nobody cares to do it. Let some prominent case force themselves upon the attention of the public authorities, they are compelled to do their duty. We submit that a codgelled woman, or a child starved to death, or a man murdered and cut out of her daily bread, deserves committee-room as much as a horse with a sore back, or a lowered in a bee's cage.

FLIRTATION AND FLIRTS.

It is possible to overdo in the matter of flirtation. Ladies who have the propensity strong upon them to flirt with all who come in their way, and yet there is a certain matter-of-factness about them that is not unbecoming. Others flirt from love of flirtation. Your real Cupid can make himself at home in the heart of a rose, or a sweetbriar, or in his bogus double, who is instinctively no more than a mere flirt. Then there is the coquette—the doll is like an authentic baby, and whose arrangements are made to look natural. She plays most effectively in the summer camping-grounds and at balls. The hard have furnished an assortment of delicious phrases appropriate to all the various occasions of life, and the coquette can always have a taste for playing as love can select its favorite flowers. She is generally a belle of the watch, or Subaltern by the Lake style and fashion. Sometimes she is a Spanish beauty, a Creole, or almost Oriental in her style. She is no

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THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

BY NATHAN UPTON.

A thoughtful Arab sage, whose sheltered face
Age-creased form bronzed beneath a sun-
From a lagging haste, with halting pace,
Was journeying o'er the desert's sad ways.
And, deep in meditation, gave no heed
To one who dashed along on snow-white steed—
The old man, pondering long upon the theme
He knew was nearest to the darkling's heart,
And hoping to direct his youthful dream,
To realms whence hopeful truths do count impart,
At last broke in upon the youth's career
Of dark deed—of triumph and misery.

And where in new adventures on the mind,
Or probed the heart—found a withering thorn,
Or, in the fight of conscience, had not known
The pride, whose grasp was one with pridein-
Unheeded the untilled mind, well stirred in vain,
Kept, with the keen, true step, his master's choice:

"O, old man, daily wisdom—but by and by,
In well-beaconed sea, my desire to name?"
So—then the old man turned his sager eye,
And placed a hand upon the fleeting mane;
His answer came as gentle as the breeze
Anything but the wish so gladly sent:

"Ah, friend!" the young man said, "my yonder goal
Is—"

"Delights!" with its face the sandy plain,
"Or, perhaps of my father's wives to meet,
And his, impatient, waits his son again;
So I must hasten to seek him, on the ride
Precluding, descending, this day's labor done?"

He spoke the words—an impulse from the heart—
The old and home—he left them far behind!
His mount's nostrils over his eyes,
And on he flew south as the dreaded wind!
The weary sage and camel the while so true—
"O youth! could you, even as they, stand fast!"

WINNING HER WAY.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "DISTINGUISHED, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-RAISED," "THE MISSING HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.

ALEXANDER'S EXPERIENCE.

Waves of the wild ocean of years
Have well-nigh—let them not—
Have well-nigh washed away from me
All that looked lovely once;
And now, alas, we look not dazed,
But clearly on the past.
MRS. HEMANS.

"Ahah, are you mad? Think what you do!"

Alick turned quickly and faced Dick Hammond, whom he had not heard approaching.

"Mr. Hammond, you here? By what right, sir, do you ask me?"

By the right of kinship. Come, come, Alick, your father and I are first cousins on the male and father. We are first-cousins and old playmates, Alick. We have been rivals, but are so no longer. We must not be enemies. Let us be friends. Come, shake hands with me and touch me no more."

"Look at you begin your overtures of friendship by dogging my footsteps and spying my actions!" demanded Alexander, putting his hands behind him.

"Nonsense—for love, sir! your query have good right."

Our carriage was not full. I lingered behind to see to matters for myself, and so became an accidental witness to your challenge of Prince Edward. Now, I repeat it, unhesitatingly.

The name of duelist is of ill-omen.

"I am not ambitious of its frenzy.

"Yes, I have challenged the disdainful villain, and I repeat it, I will meet him!" he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth and striking his hand upon the table.

Mr. Hammond knew that to argue with him then and there upon the subject of the intended duel would be useless as to reason with a lunatic. Yet, in a few hours, he hoped he might be able to lead him to his senses.

So, laying his hand kindly upon the demonstrative, he said—

"Alick, go home with me, or permit me to go home with you while we talk this matter over."

"No!" exclaimed the madman, violently, throwing off the friendly grasp. "Leave me to myself—I shall go to do so!"

"Alick, I dare not leave you, in your present state of mind, to go to a room with a tenant we are still countrymen: Consider on your Encore friendship that links me with you in this affair of your affairs," pleaded Dick again, gently soothing his restless hands and arms.

"No! leave me alone, I say, Hammond! for your own good, take care of yourself and don't interfere with a desperate man!" cried Alexander, breaking away.

A hansom-cab was passing at the moment.

"Cab!" cried Alexander, seeing that it was empty.

The hansom pulled up, and Alexander threw himself into it, and ordered the driver to proceed.

"I must get nowhere, and follow him if possible," said Mr. Hammond, making the best of his way to the nearest cab-stand.

Meanwhile, General Lyon, Anne, and Rosalia returned to their hotel.

General Lyon, after a few moments of gay bantering of Rosalia, left the ladies to themselves for the evening, went to rest.

Rosalia, as soon as she was free, hurried to her own room, to look after her little one.

Lenny was sleeping as sweetly in his crib, beside his mother's bed; although, indeed, as the first nurse of the morning-sun were now glinting through the crevices of the window-shutters, it was almost time for Master Lenny to wake up for his morning bath and airing.

And now what did the noise of the ball do?

Tearing off her jeweled wreath of sprigs, flowers, and trimmings, and her gems, she cast herself down upon her child's bed and burst into a passion of tears and wept and sobbed as if her heart would break.

It was not for bitter or tears that awakened little Lenny. They were too silent, even in their vehemence to disturb the children's serene rest. It was probably his hour to wake. Instead of which, he turned his head, another infant-grin, and, believing from his brief experience that there was no one to be neighbored over or grieved "Rosie," he put his arms around her neck and said—

"Don't cry, Rosie—don't! Is 'oor Lenny be good boy?"

"Oh, Lenny, Lenny! love me, or my heart will break!" she cried, gathering the child to her bosom and pressing him there.

"Lenny do love—don't it? 'oor Lenny be good boy—'good Lenny will!" said the child, kissing and hugging her fondly.

"My darling child, you are the only comfort I have in the world," she sobbed, as she squeezed him to her bosom and covered him with kisses. I

PUGH'S ATTEMPT TO FACILITATE ALEXANDER.

died long ago if it hadn't been for you, my little angel. Then, after a moment, she rose now, "rise" said, wiping her eyes and smiling on the child.

"Drink, my darling, you were very restless last evening; not only beautiful, but brilliant—so really thought you enjoyed screaming. It was cozy. You laughed and talked and danced the whole evening. I should never have suspected you of playing a part."

"Oh, Anne! I was not exactly playing a part either. Oh, Anne, you had made a terrible mistake in your estimate of me, and I could scarcely refrain from throwing myself at your feet and begging for pardon for my folly. I had to banish all that to the end that I might not be tempted to confess to the cry in my heart, which was almost breaking all the while! Oh, Anne, he has seemed to love me once! I know it, he has entirely ceased to love me now! I have not been to blame for that myself, Rosalia. I am sure I have not. I have done all I could to win him back to me, and whenever I saw him in the course of the evening and whenever I saw him to-day standing near you and following you with his eyes—"

"He was! He was, Anne!" eagerly, breathlessly inquired the young wife.

"I saw he was."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure. I watched him."

"Ah, but—perhaps he did so in hate or in anger," said Rosalia, sighing.

Anne was silent.

"Say! was it not in anger or in hate, Anne?"

"I thought it was in jealousy, and that you knew it a sign of love."

"Oh, if I thought so! if I thought so! how quickly I would go and tell Alick, instead of—for how soon I would convince my Alick that I care for him in the least for all the cavaliers that were everlastingly claiming her hands.

"Indeed, Rosalia, I think you would do nothing of the sort. He richly deserves to suffer."

"Oh, Anne, Anne, Alick is dear, and I'm dreadfully reproachfully.

"Like him he is, that I don't. That's the gospel truth. But there is Dick, so good-night, or rather good-morning, for it is near day. Mr. Hammond, kissing her cousin on the brow and cheek, left the room.

"Oh, if I could believe as Anne does that he loves me, how happy I should be! all my Alick's doubts at rest. But all is over now—save to lay down and die.

She struggled to keep back her tears, so as not to disturb her child, who was still sitting on her lap and watching her countenance with eyes full of anxious sympathy.

As soon as Anne had left her, Rosalia sang for Pleas, and with her baby's assistance changed her splendid evening dress for a cool white wrapper. Then, before lying down, she quietly intended little Lenny's morning bath and toilet, and now he sat on his simple dressing-table and let him out with his nurse for a walk.

Then at last she lay down to take an hour's rest, if not sleep, before joining the family at the late breakfast.

Meanwhile Anne hurried off to her own room. Alice was very much excited and while she took care on her mind, was only anxious to find her pillow and go to sleep. But in vain was she to be Alick's good fortune that morning. She found that not come. Instead of sleeping, she sat and harassed that his stupid terrified brain with endless questions, which she had been so unfortunate as to meet with some of her friends.

"Dick! in the name of Heaven, what is the matter with Alick Alexander?"

"Matter in Dickinson, replied Mr. Hammond, looking scrupulously, and almost unconsciously, at the ceiling. "Matter with Alick? no confess is. Now, Dick, I will know!" she said, going to him, taking his hands upon his shoulders and gazing steadfastly into his face.

"Well, Anne, what do you see?" he laughed, a little sadly, as he met her eyes.

"I see that you are quite sober, at least, poor soul; but oh, Dick! you unfortunate elves, where have you been since we left you?"

"About town, Anne."

"About town! Oh, you, exactly! About town! I know too well what that means. Oh, Dick! Dick! we ought never to bring you into sight of a town! We ought to keep you in the woods all the time. Now make a clean breast of it, Dick. Whom have you been with?"

"I happened to meet with an old friend down town," answered Dick, solemnly and a little inflatedly.

"An old friend down town! Oh, precisely! I know what that means also! Dick! Dick! that friend, I see from my friends, must have been written for you. Now out with it at once. Who was your friend, or set of friends, robbed you at this time?"

"Friends! no, Anne!"

"Well robbed you of! You know what I mean. How much have you lost? A thousand pounds—ten thousand?"

"Anne, I have not been gambling!"

"What else can I think, Dick? It breaks my heart to think of it!"

"Anne, dearest," said Dick, taking her hands and kissing them tenderly and fondly, "do not grieve while he sought her eyes, "Anne, did I not promise you never more to gamble, that after I should become your husband I would never touch cards or dice more? answer, Anne."

"Yes, Dick, you did, dear."

"And have I not faithfully kept my word, did you ever know me to break my pledged word?"

"Never, my husband, my dearest!"

"And do you think I would begin by breaking it to my wife? No indeed, guiding only into a spree."

"Oh, Dick, Dick, my darling, I beg your pardon! I do indeed!" she said, throwing her arms around him and loving him with such an effusion of affection that it must have consoled him for her momentary suspicion. "Oh, Dick, do give me, love!"

"Alick, Anne," he said, smiling and returning her caresses with interest, "I cannot tell you what I have been engaging for me, unless I first know how steadfast you will keep all this small grove here specified. It could be otherwise, you know, but it would be unfair to reveal with you, and that for you alone. I know this little friend here is still in a state of pain, and cannot yet be so, for it must be a part of my punishment, but I will no longer doubt of my future conduct." He spoke with a tenderness that went straight to Anne's eyes as she answered him—

"Dearest darling, not so! I never doubted you before, and now I am sure you will keep your word. You are the utmost Dick, no doubt you as all, poor dear!" added Dick, laughing; "for even my father and mother still go to bed sober. You, Anne," he added, after a pause, "I do think they have got over the fuss and have talked and thus years, and in all that time not once have they been enough to upset my temper. I have never even wished to do so. For your own sake, Anne, I hope you will do the same."

"I do, Dick! I do! It was only your look of jealousy that I was afraid of. I said to home here, I could not think of anything but Alick's misery, and that the fuss was more than all, when I asked you what was the matter, you answered, 'nothing,' and said no blated before, always more. Nothing could be more."

"Well, Anne, to really was 'nothing,' in one sense, for I was not jealous. I was not sad at home here, I could not think of anything but Alick's misery, and that the fuss was more than all, when I asked you what was the matter, you answered, 'nothing,' and said no more, that is, then?"

"Yes, you had no right to be jealous, Dick!"

"Well, I suppose I may tell you without the least danger now," he said, with a merry smile. Alexander has gone mad with love."

"Dick!" she exclaimed, starting back, and then sat bent into a hearty peal of laughter. "Dick, you are confounded, and out of fashion as finally," continued she.

"Am I so?" laughed Anne. "Now for Sentence of 'I'm so.'"

"Of the whole world, I think."

"Then I am glad of it, as I hope it will don't feel good."

"Anne, you had no challenged Prince Edward Rotenfelden," said Dick, solemnly.

"Have I not, Dick?"

"And if he should not be prepared for will fight him?"

"Fight a duel! Dick, do you know what you are saying? Are you in your senses?"

"I am. It is Alick who is mad."

"Pugh! what! At this age and in this country?"

"Yes, in this age and in this country, my dear! And I do not see, for my part, how it can be helped—I mean prevented—unless by the police. I saw the whole thing, Anne. Just as we were coming down the steps of the theatre upon the prince and charges him then and there with his card and sending a message. You should have seen Prince Bruzzi then. Talk about the German being phlegmatic! Though Prince Ernest is an Austrian, by the way, Anne, he jumped clear out from the group at the first charge, and vaulted four feet into the air at the second. If they do proceed to duel, he will act Alick's friend."

"A duel in England—and at this time of the world!"

"But you must remember that it is not to be between Englishmen, but between an Englishman and an American; and so, probably, in Alick's case, the duel will be fought in Paris."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! and gone out about the time that reminds came in," said Anne.

"Let it be!"

"Didn't you speak to Alick? Didn't you try to prevent the challenge?"

"Of course I did, but with what hope of success? I might as well have preached to the winds as to Alexander; and as to Prince Ernest, after the first words had passed, it would have been quite hopeless as well as very presumptuous in me to have interfered with him. I did not even attempt it. He had been outraged, grossly outraged, and was in a towering passion. He even overlooked Alexander's fury. And if Alick had not insulted the prince, the prince would have challenged him."

"Dick, you have become an elegant! I mean, of course, if you please."

"Of course I do."

"You say you will be the police. It was in the case, and not in any prospect of a successful interview with Alick, that I jumped into a cab and tried to follow him and find out his address; but he had a start, and so of me, and so of course I lost him. I drove to Hyde's; but he does not stop there. I was told. I went on speculation to several places where I hoped to hear of him; but without success. Lastly, I did what I should have done at first—went to Scotland Yard and lodged information of the projected breach of the peace with the police. Then I came home. So you see, my dear, it was my anxious night race through the streets of London that gave me the laugh and be of a raised grammar."

"It is not that of you, Dick, to take so much trouble in one that good for nothing fellow. I am sure it is not."

"Of course not. You would not advise me to do so."

"No; for it would be useless as well as pointless. You don't know anything about it."

"You still tell grandpa?"

"Yes, I shall have to say and has had his breakfast, I must consult with him as to what further can be done. Now, Anne, dearest, you better try to get a little sleep before breakfast; for I shall not go and take a bath and get a cup of coffee, and be off to Scotland Yard again, before you have enough to meet you when he sprawns."

Dick left the room for his valet and disappeared.

He sleep was drawn far from Anne for the time being. She, too, found her heart restlessness in a long time. She arose, and a cup of strong coffee. Having drank this, she went down to the breakfast-room to wait for the other members of the family.

She was even there she could not be at rest, the time seemed so long. She went out into the garden and sat there; but she cared for her cousin Alick's misery, but that she cared for her child's; and she was anxious for the return of Dick, and she wished the detective department would succeeded in tracking Alexander in time to stop the unfortunate and unfilial purpose. She went from window to door, and from door to window, and from the side of the bed up to and back. It drawn; tried her embroidery frame, and cast it from her; tried to read a book; she opened her piano, but could not play. So she resumed her walk in the garden, and there met Dick and his father.

"Oh, the first that appeared was little Lenny, in the arms of his nurse. He looked fresh, bright and gay from his morning bath, and in a pretty chamber about a mummy and an organ grinder. Rosalia, dressed with exquisite taste, looked very pretty in her plainly banded dark blue merino, and her beautiful hair arranged rather than ever.

The third comer was General Lyon, looking quite refreshed after several hours' rest.

"Good-morning, my dears, I hope I have not kept you waiting," he said, as he entered the room.

"Good-morning, papa, we are almost just assembled."

"Then, my dear Anne, ring and order breakfast at once. But, where is Alick? I am the newest news, giving his opinion as the governor's latest purchase, I dare say."

"Oh, no, sir. He found there, but he did not feel like sleeping, so he took a bath and dressed and went out to take a walk. He said he would be back in time for breakfast," said Alice.

"And you would have thought Anne was going to keep watching a visit from her husband, to have seen her go from one window to another, and gaze out up and down the street," said Rosalia.

"Anne, you do look a little nervous and excited; what is the matter?" anxiously inquired the general, for he, too, feared that the 'coming day' might might have broken heavily and given her trouble. "What is it, Anne?"

"It is true of rest, grandpa. I could not sleep, so I did not even lie down. These late hours are a terrible ass to a country-girl!" answered Ann herself," replied Anne, evasively.

"Be every body else, then, and really put my veto upon parties for every night. For once I would have I would consent to them——but here is Dick at last!—Why the deuce don't the fellow serve breakfast! Do you ring, Anne?"

"Yes, sir; and I hear the jingling of cups on a tray, and so I suppose to be coming," said Anne, answering her grandpa, but looking anxiously at her husband as he entered the room.

Dick saw that trouble'd gone, and smiled to reassure her. Then, after greeting the general and Rosalia, he turned to Anne and said, mischievously, but in a way that she understood—

"I think I can get that horse I want after, Anne."

"There! I knew he had been to a stable, and Anne said it," laughed the general.

"I did not know that he had gone to one, grandpa."

"Of course you did not, my child, or you wouldn't have spoken as you did. And now let me have breakfast."

As soon as the morning meal was over, Dick took Anne aside and replied to her own wish. She had not been in the custom in the habit on occasions she acted with a purpose. She had not talked to Alick and Rosalia and Dick were seriously disturbed, and that they refused to be done with the matter in the family; but she had not in her thoughts contemplated their absence in any manner with her own husband. On the contrary, she too implicitly reposed in Dick of having in some manner fallen from grace—of having, perhaps, been tempted to gambling—and that the sum of money that he could put the conveniently pay, and of letting it appear to the general, or to her husband, that he was a young man who has come into the possession of his friends. Whatever it, even from those who love him best, so never conceived that Alexander was on the verge of crime and death, but sighting over the supposed danger of Dick, Rosalia, and Alick with little Lenny in her own chamber.

As soon as the party in the breakfast parlor was left alone, General Lyon rang for the waiter to take away the breakfast-cloth, and when that was done, he turned to his young friends, and said, somewhat dreary, for the suspected Dick:

"Now, sirs, what is it? Speak out. Let us hear it, sweet, and hear that alone, for Heaven's sake! Is it a duel? Has Alick heard it at once, but we could not say anything about it in the presence of the waiter?"

"I suppose not, but she is gone now, so why do you ask?" What is the matter?"

"Why, grandpa," said Lenny, "our rival-legged Prince Ernest of Rabenfelden."

"Dick! and is it so—and you?" exclaimed the general.

"Of course he is. Every man is mad who challenges another to mortal combat."

"Challenged Prince Ernest! How did you know, Dick?" demanded the general, starting up and lighting with fierce anger at the word duelist, as was his custom when greatly excited. "Speak to me, Richard Lyon!"

Mr. Hammond related the discovery he had made of Alexander's meeting after the ball.

"But, good Heaven! this purpose cannot be carried out in England, and Continental gentility. I do not think that at this day of the world any two Englishmen would ever think of such a barbarian as fighting a duel, and you may depend upon it that Alexander are going to do a word to do it. Dear Indeed! Chivalry is dead, and Alick is not the man to revive it. He must go before some magistrate and give the matter—Where is he now, Dick? I'll put on my boots; you call a cab," said the general, excitedly.

Mr. Hammond recommended and had the information before the Chief of Police at Scotland Yard, and he promised to have every effort to arrest the challenger and prevent the duel. Meanwhile, he had seen Alick safe in the office, and learned that two detectives had been put on his track at once. They had always returned to report at the office.

"And this is it all you know?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are all the same. I cannot rest entirely here while my friend and cousin is not entirely here while my friend and cousin is in such danger. Dick, you are a perfect fool, Dick? he called to his grandson, and then run and call a cab. Anne, my child, you will excuse me. I shall be back in time for dinner. Rosalia, you will not be alarmed. I shall put a guard upon your face as well as upon your child's. Dick, Hammond, you do not know what has occurred."

"Grandpa, I have already informed Mr. Hammond Anne.

"Then you probably think as you did, Anne—that I have put him a scrape. I saw how plainly you thought so, Dick, and I know that you know who has been sent to prevent the duel. Now,

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fortable, though it is not a pleasant place to ask you to sit down in."

"Thank you. We shall gladly avail ourselves of your kind permission. You see we are so very anxious on this subject, that we should like to be on hand when you receive an answer to your telegram. How long do you think it will be before you get it?"

"Can't say. If they received mine before the eight o'clock train from London reaches Southampton, they might have sent the parties at the station and could have answered me immediately; if, however, the train reached there first, of course the parties might have got out and got off, and the officers would in that case have some trouble to look them up."

"So then you may get a telegram and no answer now, or you may have to wait several hours," said Dick.

"Exactly," replied the clerk.

"Then, uncle," said Dick, perceiving that their presence in the office was only annoying and incommoded the civil officer, "I think we will adjourn to the White-Bear, which is only a few steps from this, and wait there until Mr. Harding receives his telegram, when perhaps he will be kind enough to send us word of the news."

"I think, certainly, if your business is so important, though you are quite welcome to remain here, as you can make yourselves comfortable here if you can make yourselves comfortable where there are so many people coming in."

"Then we will go to the White-Bear," said the general, rising.

But just then the clicking of the telegraph-key in the adjoining office was heard, and the clerk raised his hands, saying:

"Be kind enough to stop. That may be the answer we expect now."

The general and Dick sat down and waited. A few minutes passed, and then a man entered from the telegraph-office, and handed the clerk a folded paper.

"Yes; here it is!" said Mr. Harding, opening and reading:

"*The parties reached here at ten o'clock and took the steamer for Guernsey at a quarter after. No mail orders.*"

"There you see, sir, it is as I feared! They got off before my telegram could have reached Southampton — before, in point of fact, it had been dispatched from London. They are not suspected—they are going to one of the channel islands to visit each other as they usually do, and the chief.

"And now what the deuce is to be done? Can't they still be followed and stopped?"

"I fear not until they have accomplished their purpose. There is no other steamer leaving Southampton to-night."

"Could other packets?" But, good Heavens, can we not hire a yacht and go in pursuit of them? We can run down to Southampton by the express train, and, in so large a port as that, we could surely find a ship to charter and overtake the packet?"

"I fear, sir, I should not be justified in taking the responsibility of incurring so great an expense," said the chief, gravely.

"Oh, never mind the expense, man—I will take that upon myself! I would not grudge a thousand pounds to save my nephew from the most refined cruelty and villainy. I would not quite rife in regard to the expense, only I should wish you to send a sufficient police-force with me to stop the duel by force if it cannot be done by persuasion. Come! It is only half-past twelve o'clock now, and the train for Southampton don't start until three. You have two hours and a half to make up your mind and make all the necessary arrangements. Come, what do you say?"

"Why, of course the thing can be done, sir, if you choose to incur the heavy expense of hiring a yacht. You have time to see Mr. Hammond with you, and procure the—the—at Southampton."

"All right! I see we must go back to town to prepare for our journey. There is the hotel to prepare for our return. Come, uncle, we have no time to lose, or all must be lost."

"Just so!" said he, as at last in good time for the express train; or they can join you at the station."

"I would rather they would come up within an hour at furthest to our hotel, for they should feel more of them; and if they do not arrive at the time specified, of course I should still have time to send around to you to know the reason. Whereas, if I should wait for them until we get to the station, and then miss them there, we should have to go down to Southampton without them. Send them to our hotel, if possible, and as soon as they be, if you please, Mr. Harding."

"I will do so, General," answered the chief.

And the general and Mr. Hammond left the police-office and returned to the White-Bear House.

Here a difficulty met them—how to account to Beatrix for their sudden journey without alarming her. Neither the general nor Dick had sufficiently enough to invent a means of satisfying her mind without telling her of her misfortune.

"We must leave it to Anna's wit," said Dick, as they entered the house. And she was soon associated.

On entering the drawing-room, they found no one there, except Master Lenny, sitting on the floor.

"Where are the ladies?" inquired the general.

"They are both in their rooms fast asleep, sir," answered Flea.

Then go and wake up Mr. Hammond, and ask her to come to us quickly here. And, mind, upon any account, disturb Mrs. Lyon," said the general.

Flea left the room, with little Lenny lagging after her.

"It is very fortunate the two ladies are asleep, for now we can get down to breakfast, for I have no doubt she will that we have learned, and warm her best to deal with Beatrix," said the general.

Flea now returned, with Mrs. Hammond, who in her great anxiety to hear the news came into the drawing-room just as she had risen from her bed, with her white dressing-gown wrapped around her, and her half-black hair hanging on her shoulders.

"And how?—And how?—What?" she eagerly, breathlessly demanded.

"Pray, my good girl, take little Lenny down to the well," said the general. And when the nurse had taken the child from the room, he turned to Anna, and said:

"We know all that can be known now, my love."

"Good heavens! they have not met, with any fatal result?" she gasped.

"No, don't be alarmed! They have not met! but they have gone off to one of the channel islands, to carry out their intentions. And Dick and myself are going to follow them, with police sufficient to stop the duel by force, if we cannot do it by persuasion."

"When do you leave?"

"By the three o'clock train. It is one now, and we should leave us home a little after two; we have not much more than an hour to prepare; so, my dear, I wish you would just order us up a lunch, and then go and see us having a change of under-clothing and a few pocket-handkerchiefs put up for Dick and myself."

"Yes!—but now—Beatrix? She is asleep, of course, you would not wish her disturbed?" said Anna, pausing at the door.

"By no means! For every reason, let her sleep until we are off. We must go without bidding her good-bye. And we must trust to you, Anna, to make our apologies to her, and also to explain our absence, without telling the cause of our journey."

"A most difficult task, my dear grandpa; but I will undertake it," said Anna, as she left the room.

The general and his nephew also went to their chambers to make such changes in their clothes as travelling required. When they returned to the drawing-room they found that Anna had laid the table, and their two gentlemanly appetites did full justice to the substantial repast of cold meats.

Half-past one o'clock! We have scarcely time to finish our lunch and reach the train in time," said the general, quickly, and pushing himself to the table.

Dick and Anna followed his example.

"Where is little Lenny?" I would like him to take lunch with us; for I fear we shall have a long ride in Anna, my dear!" inquired the general.

"Dear grandpa, don't you know you sent him down to the well?" said Dick.

"Oh! yes! so I did! That was to get rid of the girl while I talked with you," said the general, in a low tone, then raising his voice, he called to Jacob, who stood waiting in the next distance, and said:

"Jacob! Flea! Go out upon the sidewalk, or around the square, and see if you can find Master Lenny, and tell him—no, never mind, I'll then tell Flea to bring him home immediately, I wish to see him before I go."

"Yes, sir, I'll find them. I saw them on the corner a minute ago with Jacky and Judy, and a big boy, and the boy, bowing and leaving the room.

"I do want to see the little fellow, and kiss little Lenny before I go," said the general, apologetically, as he poured for himself a glass of wine.

"La, grandpa, you talk as if you were going to be hanged instead of going to Southampton!"

"I dare say I talk like an old fool, Anna, but I feel very foolishly fond of the little fellow."

"Oh, grandpa, I did not mean to say anything of the kind, and I beg your pardon."

"Pooh, pooh, child! I know that, Dick, have you got through?"

"Yes, sir, I think there is time enough, sir."

"Then ring the bell, Dick, and, thousand pounds, and, bless my soul, these men from Southampton will be here before I go! I do hope they will be punctual," said the general, pushing away.

At that moment the waiter appeared, and answered the summons of the bell. "And that you called a waiter," said Anna to the boy, as he left the room.

"Yes, my love," said Dick, "tell them to wait for us in the hall."

"Very well, sir," said he, as he left the room.

And the general and Dick completed their hat preparations.

"And that child hasn't come yet!" exclaimed the general, very impatiently.

"Time enough, uncle—the cab hasn't come yet," said Dick.

But at that instant the waiter once more appeared and announced the cab.

"Let us go," said Dick.

"Yes, yes!" said the general, five minutes for little Lenny. Walter, will you oblige me by going down to the well opposite, and bring the little man to me? Tell him I want him."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, bowing as he left the room.

"Now, my soul, these men from Southampton will be here, and the train for Southampton don't start until three. You have two hours and a half to make up your mind and make all the necessary arrangements. Come, what do you say?"

"Why, of course the thing can be done, sir, if you choose to incur the heavy expense of hiring a yacht. You have time to see Mr. Hammond with you, and procure the—the—at Southampton."

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"By no means! For every reason, let her sleep until we are off. We must go without bidding her good-bye. And we must trust to you,

BOTH TO BLAME.

BY ANN SANDOLTH.

"It's all been my fault, Mr. Tressler, behind her back pocket-handkerchief.

"Now, before a solemn matter particular assertion, in that particular tone of voice, it becomes necessary to say sorrowful things, it does not mean "We all have our trials," it means, "Nobody ever has a sorrow or trouble such trials as I am called upon to endure." So at least Mrs. Byer understood it, for she exclaimed eagerly:

"Do tell me what you mean, dear! Is Tressler unkind to you?"

"Oh, no, kind enough, so far as that goes," sighed the pretty mouth behind the pocket-handkerchief, "but I'm afraid I've ruined him."

"He doesn't—guided?" Mrs. Byer dropped her voice mysteriously on the last word.

"No; I don't think he has a single bad habit; not one."

"Well then, what is the trouble?"

"Nothing, only—I am miserable."

"But why are you miserable?"

"Mrs. Tressler would not tell why she was miserable, however; she only took refuge behind the general statement that "life was full of trials and she couldn't, of course, expect to be exempt from her share."

"But, Sarah, what do you mean?"

"Nothing!"

And in this Mrs. Byer coaxed and argued and reasoned — often finally succeeded in this way. Mrs. Tressler cried and kissed her and protested, and then went away, that "nothing" was the matter.

"I only wish we on same again, dear," sobbed Mrs. Tressler, "for I'm so—so—unhappy."

"Well, I'll come over to-morrow, Mrs. Byer, as she went away. "For, otherwise, I might as well be a telegraph wire, for all the use we are."

So Mrs. Tressler went back to her cottage, and Mrs. Byer went out to every house in town to tell the news. Mrs. Tressler's pronouncement that she was unhappy, wisdom pent upon the strength of the case, and the pronouncement of such a shock like a tragic burst of scarlet fever, and set every mother in the neighborhood to feeling for her children.

"Of course, people are born to trouble—some have their troubles thrust upon them—and some people make their troubles themselves," said Mrs. Byer, in the latter class belonged Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Tressler.

"It's three o'clock," said Mrs. Tressler, the next afternoon, to herself, as the clock in the hall called a waltz, "and Alonzo is not home yet! He is never absent from the room with his invalid wife save for short periods. Oh, something must be wrong! Something has happened to him somewhere, and I am left in this suspense!"

And she leaned her head upon the window-sill, and began to cry.

"It is afternoon," said Mrs. Tressler, shifting her chair with the intention of coming into the room, "and Alonzo is not home! He has never been absent from the room with his invalid wife save for short periods. Oh, something must be wrong! Something has happened to him somewhere, and I am left in this suspense!"

"Oh! said Mr. Tressler. "Good afternoon," and he dropped into a chair and began to fan himself with cutting force.

"Good afternoon," I saw you. Will dinner soon be ready?"

"Dinner, my soul," said Mrs. Tressler, biting her lip very hard.

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Tressler, scowling, and a silence ensued. "We are now been here to call on Mrs. Byer, my dear?"

"Several persons."

"Any one in particular?" She won't mention young Jones, of course."

"Mrs. Byer was pretty as she sat in the window-sill, looking out on the sunshine, and the blue eyes hinted at sunshine, and her blue eyes hinted at sunshine, and her blue eyes hinted at sunshine, and her

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who is a distant cousin of mine; but he is not in town. I have sent a note to his wife, telling her I know that I am coming to call on her this evening, accompanied by a young friend of mine. You will go, of course."

"I have heard so much about the lady that I should be so woman if I were not desirous of seeing her. I will accompany you with the greatest pleasure," replied Nina, "either to call on Mrs. Marsden will not be allowed to see me, so, I trust, both the intimate friends will be quite welcome."

"You are a sensible girl, Miss Nina, and one after my own heart. As soon as supper is over, then, we will be off. I have already engaged a carriage to call at the landing to half an hour."

"What a charming woman you are, Mr. Mainwaring," said the young gray hairs, and grandchildren. "I wish I would set my cap at you in place of your son, if Mrs. Marion would only be so obliging as to take her place among the angels."

"And a fine dance such a wild-o'-the-wisp as you are would lead a staid, elderly fellow like myself. No, thank you," Miss Nina, I admire you as I do some beautiful rose set around with thorns which would quickly prick my hands if I attempted to gather them."

"So I am startled by the first gentleman to whom I have ever ventured to propose," cried Nina, laughing gayly, and she ran off to prepare for her visit.

"What a charming creature she is," thought the sober merchant. "I wonder how long that jealous old fool will tolerate her presence at once beneath her roof? Not long, I fear; I have been such a girl as she myself, and I am luckily fellow to give her a home of her own."

Then Nina entered, and dismissed all Nina's fears on the subject.

Supper was soon over, and Mr. Marion, and Mr. Mainwaring repaired to the parlor, the remainder remained to say the time between the gentlemen amounts to that, I suppose?

"Not quite so much, and you may not see it at all. Be that as it may, I am very glad to have met you, and to have formed the acquaintance of a lady of your charms, and some-thing in the cast of your features reminds me of Anna when she was a child, but she has the same eyes. Her hair and eyes are dark, and yours are light, but you will soon judge for yourself. There comes the carriage, and in twenty minutes we shall be at her door."

Mr. Marion assisted her to the wheel, and placed her in the vehicle which, in a few moments was rapidly driven through Main street to the residence of Mrs. Marsden, which was situated on the stream which intersects a portion of the town. After several minutes' turns the carriage drew up in front of a handsome dwelling, with a row of ornamental trees in front of it.

A small green yard sunkened by iron fencing, was divided in its centre by a flight of stone steps that led to the door, on which was a lion's head of brass knocker.

Mr. Marion dismissed the carriage with orders to the driver to return in two hours, mounted the steps with Nina, and struck a loud peal on the old fashioned knocker.

This was immediately answered by a black servant, who showed them into a lighted parlor in which a fire of coal and wood was blazing cheerily. The room was unoccupied, but they had scarcely sat down when the door opened, and Mrs. Marsden, a portly matron was ushered, and a slender, graceful looking woman, evidently in delicate health, entered.

Her dress was very plain, but of rich material, and a small lace cap covered the hair which Nina noticed was beginning to be streaked with gray.

She cordially extended her hand to Mr. Marion, and said:

"You are welcome, as you always are, cousin Ned, but I am sorry that Mr. Marsden is not home to see you. It would have given me such a vast young three, and now—well, you can see me yourself and change impressions made in me. This is your young friend, I suppose. I am very glad that you brought her with you."

She had not finished speaking by the first sound Nina was actually dazed, and seemed an echo of her tones, she felt that she must have been dreaming, and with a faint scream she fell forward, pierced her hand upon her heart, and with a faint shriek sank down.

"I suffer from extreme oppression in my breast, and at times I am quite nervous, as at when I am least expecting them. My health is not good, and you may perceive the change in my appearance. Pray excuse me, Miss Gordon, and myself as much at home as you can consider me a friend of my cousin should in my house."

Nina silently complied with both these requests, and Mrs. Marsden entered freely on the question Mr. Ratson about his family, and to the sentiment to the ship, which brought them to Norfolk. Miss Gordon appeared to be being thought to correct her emotions, and Mrs. Marsden looked wonderingly at her, and she seemed to remember her. Mrs. Marsden looked wonderingly at her, and she seemed to remember her. She was not difficult to see that her life was not a happy one connected and, though she appeared to be surrounded by all the comforts of wealth.

The room in which they sat was expensively furnished, but with a total absolutely of an aesthetic taste. There were no pictures on the walls; no ornaments on the mantle; no elegant articles designed to add to the ease of visitors, were found in the room. Miss Nina remembered that Mr. Hawks had said her early friend had married a man of very ordinary pretensions. She at once the wife he had taken from obscurity, no doubt, and his same diminished the furnishing of her house, and the adornment of her person, for the young visitor noticed that not a jewel gleamed amid the rich attire of Mrs. Marsden, and a small gold pin that fastened her collar, in the centre of which a tiny brilliant sparkled.

She did not even wear a wedding ring, and Nina smiled amid contemplating, as the sudden vexatious into which her hostess had fallen, and wondered if any man's disposition could be such as her to a stiffer condition. She thought she had cast a glance at her left hand, but that was made of pleading materials, and he who attempted to get a ruble on her hand would have a severe grief in the experiment.

Mrs. Marsden's laugh turned to Nina, though it was evidently an effort; she seemed to feel that her long neglect of the stranger within her gates would be remarked by Mr. Marion, for she said with a forced, wavering glance at her face, and said:

"You have had a narrow escape from drowning, Miss Gordon, to come last night was a terrible one even on land, and I could not stop for thinking of those who had 'gone down to the sea in ships.' But you look well, and bright, for all you have gone through."

"I warrant much frightened, madam. I fear the vessel that bore me upon my way would not founder."

"You must have great faith," murmured the lady.

Nina laughed:

"Yes—I have great faith in my destiny; that is all, for I do not pretend to be a saint."

Some powerful emotion seemed to strike the heart frame of Mrs. Marsden, as she listened to these words; she became very pale, and again pressed her hand upon her bosom. Her eyes seemed to be fascinated to the face of Nina, and she looked into the bright, radiant face which is here with a painful questioning glance that would have been painful to any but a composed person.

Miss Nina read nothing of its meaning, and waited for her hostess to break the silence that had fallen upon them.

In low, measured tones, Mrs. Marsden at length asked:

"Does that destiny promise to be so brilliant, dear even the power of man shrink from encountering its brightness? Tell me, Miss Gordon, for you interest me."

With some bluntness Nina replied:

"I have no fears, hope and nothing will, Mrs. Marsden. They are all my slaves, and I am ready on my way to Mississippi to become a governess in the family of a wealthy planter. You encouraged me that a field of fortune and preferment to bring me to the South, and I hope to worthily prosperity. I intend to be my own to guide it, at all events."

A faint flush came to the lady's cheek, and a white sense of relief.

"Were you acquainted with such a prospect as that before you spoke as the result of your studies?"

"Miss Gordon replied:

"No, madam. Until I had completed my education, I was not to believe from the moment I birthed on me that I was an heiress. Then I was notified that I must earn my own bread; I have been doing that for a considerable past, and am quite satisfied with the prospect opening before me now."

"And that prospect? What is it? To whom are you going?"

Mr. Marion saw that Nina was annoyed by these questions, but he was also much surprised, wondering that his cousin's wife should manifest so much interest in a stranger as Nina must be to her. He was about to interpose, when Nina replied:

"I have not yet decided upon my future residence.

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EIGHTEEN'S CONFESSION.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Sweet, darling woman, so divine,
That I have always made my shrine—

O'er which the angels wreathed their flowers
Culled from high Heaven's starry bowers—

On moveless land or shifting sea,
I've always worshipped only thee;

Because thou wert on earthly sod
The crowning garland given by God.

Still adoration fills my mind
And heart for all the wealth enshrined.

Her eyes so deep, so bright, so blue,
With all their tender meaning true;

Her form so fine, like rainbows curled
In mercy on a clouded world;

Her hair so rich in its fine gold,
We dream of angel plumes unrolled;

Her voice so sweet in all its tones,
Harps long to wed the gentle tones.

O, here I am to all this shape
Of splendor so supremely wed:
Would that its virtue, beauty, love,
Forevermore were on me shed!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XIX.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

IN IRONS.

We crossed the equator in longitude 27° West, and as we shortly afterwards struck the Southeast Trades, the most we could do was to brace up and sail as near to our course as we could, which could not be very near, seeing that the wind persistently blew from the point towards which we wished to move. On the previous voyage our captain had stood across so as to strike some homeward-bound Indiamen, which, the reader will remember, took us within sight of St. Helena; but we went far wide of that island on this voyage, crossing the Tropic of Capricorn only a little to the Eastward of Trinidad. We reached Cape Town on the fifteenth of August, where we let go our anchors, intending to stop just long enough to overhaul some of our rigging, and get a little fresh provision. There were several British men-of-war lying in the bay—one frigate, two corvettes, a brig, and one or two smaller craft. They seemed to form either a part, or the whole, of a squadron, stationed on the coast. But the idea of harm from those fellows never entered our minds. France and England were at war,—in fact, the whole of Europe was mixed up in the scrimmage,—but we had nothing to do with it. English men-of-war had overhauled our merchant ships for deserters; but Captain Matthews did not believe that there would be any disposition to molest us, especially as we had goods for an English port. So we dropped our anchors, furled our sails, squared our yards, and then lowered our boat for going on shore, where our officers found things apparently pleasant enough.

Capt. Matthews met several of the English naval officers on shore, and they were as friendly and as kind as though he had belonged to their own mess. And they were feeling in high spirits, too; for, according to their account, they were getting the better of the French at every point. In Spain and Portugal Wellesley was driving Soult and Masséna, and throughout the whole peninsula Napoleon's power was breaking up; so the British officers felt good, and insisted upon paying for the wine our captain drank. And I have no doubt they were sincere in their friendship for him. They liked him, and he liked them, and between them they had some very pleasant meetings.

We intended to sail from Cape Town on the 20th. On the 19th I got permission to go on shore, and Fiddy Cummings went with me. We went off in our ship's boat, but were to take a shore boat to return in. We spent the afternoon in cruising around the outskirts of the town, and in the evening we concluded to remain and attend the play, which was to take place at the the same hall where I had seen the jugglers on my previous visit. The play this time was by a company of English actors, and was capital. Fiddy and I both enjoyed it hugely, having no disposition to leave until the curtain went down for the last time. It was then very near midnight, so we hurried out and made our way down towards the landing; and as we went over the very ground where I had been chased on that eventful night by Jonathan Drake, I told Fiddy the story. I had told him the principal features of the story before; but I could now describe to him some of the scenes more vividly, and I was engaged in doing so, when a sound, as of hurrying feet, caused us to turn our heads. I had just time to observe that a number of stout men were close upon us, and on the next instant a sack was thrown over my head, and I was hurled to the ground. I struggled with all my might, but I could neither do anything with my hands nor with my voice. My arms and my legs were ironed, and then I felt myself lifted and deposited upon some sort of framework, after which the whole was taken up and borne swiftly away. Once after this last movement had been made I offered to struggle, when a rough voice informed me that if I knew what was good for myself I'd keep quiet. Under the circumstances I considered it best to accept his advice, and I did so.

I must have been carried a mile, at least, and was just fearing that I should perish from suffocation if I was not soon relieved, when the frame upon which I lay was set down, the shackles taken from my ankles, after which I was raised to my feet and led into a building. I knew that I entered a hall, and that I was led through two rooms, and upon reaching the third, I was stopped and the sack drawn from my head.

I was in a small, dingy-looking apartment, and before me was a table upon which burned two candles. Upon my right hand stood three men who, from their garb, I at once knew to be English man-of-war's-men. Upon my left stood Fiddy Cummings, with more British sailors beyond, while before us, on the other side of the table, sat two officers. One of them was a middle-aged man, with a single epaulette upon his right shoulder, while the other was younger, and had a gold anchor upon the standing collar of his jacket.

"These be the men, leftenant," spoke the man who stood nearest to my right hand.

"So, so, my boys," said the officer with the epaulette,—"you thought to escape the king's service, did you?"

I looked at the man with astonishment; but presently it occurred to me that Fiddy and I had been mistaken for some other persons; and so I intimated to him. But he only laughed at me, and informed me that "that wouldn't go down."

"But, sir," said I, "what do you mean? You have seen the American ship lying at anchor close by the fort. We belong on board that ship, sir."

"Ah, my fine fellows," laughed the officer, "that's an old story. Didn't you two men run away from His Majesty's sloop-o'-war *Bristol*, less 'n a year ago?"

We both declared that we were never on board an English man-of-war,—that we were citizens of the United States of America, and that we belonged on board the ship *Naumkeag*, at that moment lying in the harbor, and bound to Calcutta. And I asked the officer if he would take us on board the ship, and confront us with the captain, and, if he wished, examine her papers. But it was of no use. We were held to be deserters and sent off to a sloop of war.

As we shot out from among the shipping that lined the piers I could see the lofty spars of the old *Naumkeag*, and I wondered if I should ever tread her deck again. I could not believe that we should be taken away. Capt. Matthews would surely find some way in which to set us free. We were his men, and he could claim us. By every law and principle of right we should be given up to our true commander. We could prove to the captain of the British ship that we were not deserters. I would have spoken with Fiddy, but the officer sat between us, and I had no opportunity.

By and by we approached the sloop-of-war, and the sentinel at the gangway hailed us, to which our midshipman responded, "*Aye, aye.*" We pulled alongside, and the officer went up over the side, and then Fiddy and I were helped up; and seeing that we had irons on our wrists, we required considerable assistance; but we got over at length, and as we reached the ship's deck we found a lieutenant there, and by his side stood a man with a lantern. We could see a few other men standing around, and we could see the gleaming brass work upon the fife-rail, and upon the capstan; and we could see those of the guns that were nearest to us, and that their breeches were highly polished.

"Well, my boys," said the lieutenant, who, I afterwards learned, was the officer in charge of the deck at the time, "I'm glad to see you safe on board."

Then he turned and called for the sergeant of the guard. The sergeant came, wearing his sword, and touched his cap politely to his superior.

"Sergeant, take these two men forward to the brig, and see that they have a chance to sleep. There's no need of swinging hammocks for them to-night."

I knew very well that it would be useless to make any remarks, or offer any opposition at that time, and Fiddy thought as I did; so we turned and followed the sergeant, he going ahead, and the man who held the lantern following behind. We crossed over into the larboard gangway, and thence forward, where we found that the "*brig*" was simply a space between two of the guns under the top-gallant forecastle,* where a sentinel was stationed who walked to and fro with a drawn bayonet in his hand. There were three or four hammocks slung in this place, and I supposed that those who occupied them were prisoners—perhaps impressed like ourselves,—but I made no inquiries. I waited until a couple of mattresses had been brought for us, and blankets supplied, and then Fiddy and I laid ourselves down. We talked but little, for the marine who stood guard over us could overhear all we said. We simply acknowledged to each other that we had got into a bad fix, and agreed that we would make all possible effort on the morrow to have justice done us, and then we closed our eyes, and I was soon asleep.

The ship's bell was hung by the foremast, close to us, and as that was struck every half hour, and as the sentinels passed the cry of "*All's well!*" with each bell, I was disturbed several times. I should probably have got used to it, and have slept on in spite of the clang of the bell and the cry of the sentinels; but it had been well into the "small hours" when I laid me down, and just as I might have got used to the racket the day dawned, and a new sound broke upon my ears. It was the sharp, piercing call of the boatswain's pipe, and when he and his mates had blown to their hearts' content, I heard this cry—each word drawn out and dwelt upon as though all that stretching of sound were necessary to carry it to the two or three hundred ears for which it was meant:

"*A-l-l—h-a-n-d-s!*"

This was called by the boatswain, and then taken up by his loud-voiced mates; and then came another:

"*A-l-l—h-a-n-d-s—g-e-t—u-n-d-e-r—w-a-y!*"

"My God!" gasped Fiddy, starting to a sitting posture, "they're going to get under way!"

The sentinel heard my companion's remark, and he stopped and looked at us. He was a good-natured looking fellow, and I judged by the expression with which he regarded us that he knew our story. Of course he did, because sentinels are never placed on post without receiving instruction touching the things they have to guard. I looked at this marine a few moments, and then, as the men began to tumble up from below, I asked him if the ship was going to leave port.

His reply was in the affirmative, and he spoke so kindly that I was emboldened to question him further.

"Is the captain on board?" I asked.

"Yes; he came aboard at three-bells,† an' I fancy he'll stop aboard awhile now!"

The fellow was Irish, but his speech was very smooth and only slightly tinctured with brogue; and I made up my mind that I liked him.

"In mercy's name," I cried, "can't we see him? Do you know how we were brought on board this ship?"

"Yes," the sentry replied, with a smile, "I know very well."

Then I told him I wished he would send word to the captain that there were two prisoners in the brig who would like to speak with him. He said he'd keep a look out, and embrace the first opportunity.

At this point one of the lieutenants came towards the brig; and, when I saw that he was going to pass directly by us to the round-house, which was chock forward under the top-gallant forecastle, I made a move to hail him; but the sentinel stopped me.

"Take care—none o' that!" he cried.

And, after the lieutenant had passed and gone into the round-house, he explained to me that if a prisoner should address a commissioned officer, the sentry would be liable to punishment. So that hope was gone.

When the lieutenant came out I saw that it was the one who had had the deck when we were brought on board. He looked at us as he passed by, and I could readily see that he wished to avoid us.

By and by the corporal of the guard came along, and to him Fiddy and I made known our wishes. He was not so free as the sentry had been; but he was inclined to be fair, and promised us that he would speak with the officer of the deck, and get my request to the captain if he could.

Meantime there was great commotion on the ship's deck. The crew were all up—over two hundred of them,—and preparations were made for heaving up the anchors; and the preparations were entirely different from those made on board a merchant ship. Instead of taking a turn of the cable around the windlass, and thus heaving directly upon it, an immense hawser-laid rope, called a messenger, was carried around the deck—the two ends lashed together so as to make an endless rope of it—and to this, on one side of the deck, the chain cable of the anchor was made fast by bits of marline, or selvagees, called "nippers." The capstan was on the quarter-deck, and the messenger was passed around it with three turns. When the messenger had been passed, and its two ends lashed together, and the nippers clapped on, the capstan-bars were shipped, and half the crew manned them; then the drum and fife struck up a quick tune, and the capstan was marched around at a merry pace. As the messenger began to move of course the cable went with it; and as fast as the nippers were brought to the pipe through which the cable passed down into its locker they were cast off and passed forward, where they were clapped on again, and again, as the slack of the messenger was tightened around under the heel of the bowsprit from the other side of the deck.

One anchor had been hove up and the cable stoppered, and the messenger had been "dipped" for the other cable, when the corporal of the guard came to the brig and informed me that the captain could not be disturbed until we had got under way.

"But," I cried, "that will be too late!" And then I was going on to tell the corporal how my companion and myself were situated, when he stopped me.

"Look ye, shipmates," he said; "you may just as well make up your minds, first as last, that you've got to take a cruise in this ship. All the powers of heaven and earth can't set ye free now. It's o' no use, so just be easy; and I mean to do ye a good turn when I tell ye that the more reasonable like ye take it, the better it'll be for both of you."

The man spoke the truth, I had no doubt; and when he had gone Fiddy and I sat down by the open port just under the break of the forecastle, and looked out upon the water.

By and by the second anchor was apeak, and then men went aloft and loosened the sails. The work was done a little differently here from what we had done it on board the *Naumkeag*. Two hundred and fifty men were able to make sail faster than twenty men could do. By the time the last anchor had broke ground the topsails and topgallant-sails had been sheeted home, and the yards hoisted; the jib, fore-staysail, and spanker set, so that while the anchor was marching up to the bows the ship was on her course. Slowly we moved through the water at first; but gradually headway was gathered, and ere long we passed out from the angle of the fort near which we had been lying, and not far away we saw the old *Naumkeag*.

"Ha!" cried Fiddy, "look!"

I looked and saw our ship's cutter, pulling four oars, and in the stern-sheets were Captain Matthews and Mr. Sanborn. Captain Matthews stood up and waved his handkerchief towards the sloop-of-war, and his oarsmen pulled with all their might. He seemed to be shouting to some one upon the poop of the corvette, but whether he made them hear or no I cannot tell. Nobly those gallant fellows bent to their oars, but they bent in vain! The lofty sails of the sloop-of-war had caught a fresh breeze, and we could see that she was rolling up a grand bone of foam under her bows.

Farther and farther grew the distance—astern dropped the boat that contained the friends we loved. Farther and farther astern,—Captain Matthews was lost, then Charles Sanborn, then the men, one after another, and we saw the *Naumkeag's* cutter no more.

Fiddy was the first to break the silence.

"Becket, this is hard. Will we ever see old Salem again?"

I reached out my hands, ironed as they were, and took his in my grasp. And thus I spoke:

"Fiddy, we'd be fools were we to add needlessly to our sufferings. Let's do the duty they impose upon us cheerfully, and at the same time keep our eyes open for a chance to set ourselves free."

"Aye," returned my companion, with a moistened eye; and then he added, "We'll hang together to the last. Let the chance be what it will, one of us don't go without the other."

I agreed to that.

We had passed the light-house upon the western headland; the anchors had been catted and fished, and the cables paid below; the first lieutenant had given up the deck to a lieutenant under him, and the full watch had been set for sea, when the sergeant of the guard came and informed us that we were wanted at the mainmast.

* Sloops-of-war very often have a deck built over the forecastle, on a level with the hammock-nettings, and extending from the bows to the foremast. As the bulwarks of a ship of war are high enough to entirely cover the men—say six feet, or more—of course this short deck is high enough to allow men to walk under it: and this upper piece of deck is called a top-gallant forecastle.

† As I may have frequent occasion to use this term in speaking of the hours of the day on board a man-o'-war, I will make an explanation for the benefit of those who may be in the dark on the subject. At sea, the twelve hours are divided into three equal parts or "watches" of four hours each.* (That division, extending from four to eight o'clock in the afternoon is subdivided into what are called the two "day-watches"—that is, short watches of two hours each; and this is done in order that there may be a change to the men in their time of watching; for, were it not for this subdivision of that watch—were the watches just four hours each, the man who went on watch at midnight, the first day out, would keep that hour during the voyage.) Those four hours are further divided into eight equal parts or "bells" of half an hour each. At half-past twelve, is struck "*one bell*," at one o'clock, it is "*two bells*;" and so on to four o'clock, which is "*eight bells*." From four to eight o'clock is eight bells more—it being eight bells again at the latter hour; and then half-past eight is *one bell* again, and so on, every half hour, to twelve o'clock, which is once more "eight bells."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SILAS AND FRANK send us the following letter, which could not well have come from any but Yankee brains and hands. They say: "We are only two tired-out, foot-sore young men—Americans by birth, and, therefore, as 'tis said, citizens of a country where all are free and equal. All day long have we marched, not (as was the case with us both during the trying years of the rebellion) to the music of our regiment, but wearily over a long road, from a little country town in New Hampshire, in search of employment—anything, no matter what, that offers one chance to earn an honest dollar. This is for what we search in vain. We have just been politely (?) shown out from a gentleman's estate, where we applied, and the '*suspicious-looking young men*' will undoubtedly be the theme of much conversation in that happy family, so we judge, if the wondering stare of two beautiful children and their loving mother's warning, 'Patrick, bolt the gate; we don't want such people in the garden,' is not of such frequent occurrence as to be passed over on the instant. A gentleman of whom we inquired some days since, asked us, with a patronizing smile, 'Have you no friends of note?' 'No, sir,' we answered. Then buttoning his coat, although the thermometer stood some degrees above 80, he eyed us carefully and added, 'Well, of course you cannot expect to do much without influence, at least recommendation.' And we begin to think he is about right. One of us has a decided taste for study, but what is our prospect? Thomas Decker wrote, we think, a solution to this question:

"Shall I contract myself to Wisdom's love?
Then I lose riches, and a wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read—
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead."

Now what can we do? There may be many in our situation, and an answer through your paper may help them as well as us." The only thing for any man to do who has to work for a living, is to persevere until he finds a job, and then to do it with all his might. Such fine young men as our correspondents seem to be ought to be able to make their way in the world, and they doubtless will do so, unless they lack the essential element of perseverance.

CALICO.—If your husband really has "a great object in the future which can't be accomplished unless all his family exercise the strictest economy for a few years," then "all his family" *should* "exercise economy" for the requisite period, and *you* should set the example and adhere to it. A wife who cannot find any happiness in exercising self-denial for the benefit of her family will never find any in the gratification of her selfishness. But a woman who can contentedly wear calico for a few years, for the purpose of enabling her husband to accomplish "a great object," will be apt to derive much happiness from silks and satins, and velvets and jewelry when *their* day at last arrives. Providence has so ordered things that the selfish, though seemingly happy in their gilded gratifications, forever feel the gnawings of discontent at their hearts; while the self-sacrificing, though apparently suffering from stress of circumstances, are inwardly blessed with that peace which passeth all understanding, especially the understanding of the vain and frivolous.

ANNA DRUSILLA.—Here is a poor little child-wife, who was married at fifteen, and now has a babe but a few months old, and whose husband is cruel to her, often cursing and swearing at her, and even beating her with many stripes. She stands it all for her babe's sake; but she looks forward with horror to the time when that poor innocent shall be old enough to understand its father's blasphemies and be taught by him (as he says it shall) to take its Maker's name in vain. Her mother wants her to leave her husband and return to her paternal home, which she would do if she thought "the law" would let her take her babe with her, and on that point she wants enlightenment. We are glad to be able to say that the law is humane enough to give every ill-used wife, who is compelled to flee from her husband's ruffianism, the care and custody of her nursing babe; so, this poor, persecuted creature can return to the paternal nest and carry her little birdling with her.

B. B. says: "I have a question which I want to submit to your *readers*, and not to you until they have had a chance at it. *You* could, I suppose, answer it without any trouble; but it is my opinion that the most of your readers will be sadly puzzled by it, as I and my friends have. It is this: suppose a man's wife dies, and he marries again, would a brother of his first wife continue to be his brother-in-law? This may seem a simple thing at first thought; but it has puzzled some of our best lawyers and one of our judges out here in Ohio to determine the question, and they can't agree about it, after more than a month's discussion."

FIVE ENGLISHMEN.—These correspondents write: "In reading the story 'WINNING HER WAY,' there is a dispute among us—three of us arguing that Mrs. Southworth has resided in London, while the two others of our company are willing to wager that the lady in question has never seen London. Yet we all agree that her descriptions of the Derby, the Tower, and London in general, are in every particular correct. If you will be kind enough to settle our dispute, you will much oblige us." Mrs. Southworth has repeatedly visited Europe, and has spent months upon months in London and other parts of Great Britain.

JOKER.—A joke is a very good thing when it is in perfect fitness with time, place and circumstances; but when a joke is ill-timed, or discordant as to circumstances, it is often a most unfortunate thing. Your theory that a man has a right to perpetrate a joke whenever he pleases, must be taken in connection with the fact that the perpetrator must always abide the consequences of his joking, however disastrous they may be. He who claims *immunity*, in any respect, should not whine under the chastisements of fortune, but should take them like a man.

ARCHIE.—If there is any reason why you need special information in regard to the "programme of a wedding," consult the clergyman who is to officiate, *state the particular facts of the case*, and take his advice thereon. Any young engaged couple, through their respective friends and acquaintances, and some clergyman, could easily ascertain the bridal customs of the place where the wedding is to come off, and those customs should be followed.

Q. P.—The reason there was no Vice-President during the administration of President Fillmore was because he was himself the Vice-President until General Taylor (the President) died, to whose office he succeeded. And the reason there was no Vice-President during the administration of President Pierce was because Mr. King, of Alabama, who was elected to that office on the Pierce ticket, died a short time afterwards.

SUBSCRIBER.—The lawyer of your place who stated in open court that Alexander Dumas, the widely-known French novelist, "is a negro, as black as the ace of spades," did not certainly know the complexion of Mr. Dumas, however familiar he may be with the color of the ace of spades. Mr. Dumas is stated to be a quadroon, and he is reported to be rather proud of the fact, and to take pleasure in having it commented upon.

FRANKLIN.—You might know that your computation of the cost of thirty-four apples, at one cent for the first, two cents for the second, and so on, doubling up to the thirty-fourth, is wrong because the last figure of the amount is a 3, whereas the doubling of any single figure never produces an *odd* number.

Y. A.—You should have referred to your geography before betting that the State of New York is larger in territorial extent than France. The latter is considerably the largest. It is a foolish thing for boys to get in the habit of betting about anything whatever.

A. G.—Probably a little work on "education," by Herbert Spencer, and a volume of "Essays," by the same author, would be as good reading as you could find, if you are in search of accurate notions on miscellaneous topics.

DIVORCE.—If a widow marries, and afterwards obtains a divorce from her husband, she takes the name which she bore as a widow, and not her maiden name.

REPUBLIC.—Your notions as to the "setting-down," &c., of the Mexicans "into a condition of stable peace and quietness favorable to the growth of republican institutions" are probably unsound. A chronic hatred of "permanent tranquility" seems to pervade the whole Spanish American race. For more than forty years, in fact ever since they achieved their independence, the people of South America have been harried and plundered by rival political and military chieftains, most of whom have been little better than wholesale bandits. The only South American State that has formed an exception to this rule has been Brazil. During all these years the other States in turn, and sometimes four or five of them simultaneously, have been the battle grounds of contending factions, organized and embittered against each other by selfish and brutal leaders without one spark of patriotism to qualify their ferocity. In Mexico a war of epaulette robbers has been in progress, with short intermissions, ever since we can remember. Usually there have been from three to half a dozen belligerents in the field there—all signing their turgid proclamations "God and Liberty," and all the practical enemies of both. It is impossible for us to have any sympathy with such red-handed rievers, or anything but contempt for a race that allows itself to be their football. The less we have to do with our "sister republics" the better. Let the creoles of Spanish America (half Spanish, half Indian, with the vices of both races and the virtues of neither,) fight their own battles without any interference from us. They are too bigoted to benefit either by our counsel or our example.

BORED.—"Married people are a nuisance—in public," writes this rude correspondent, who is, of course, a bachelor; and he goes on to say: "They are always having their little secrets, and asides, and private conferences, and look out to get the best places for one another in public conveyances, and to get the choicest dainties for each other at the supper table at private parties, and are full of such like offences. Now when a lady is handsome, and brilliant in talk, and a fellow gets fairly under conversational way with her, it is intolerable to have a *husband* come along and take her off as if she were so much property—capital stock; and it is still more intolerable to have *her* all the time quoting 'My husband,' or remarking that 'Mr. A says so and so,' and that 'Mr. A doesn't think so and so;' or, worse still, to have her suddenly exclaim, 'There's Mr. A, excuse me,' and then jump up and run off to the odious A aforesaid. For one, I am always down on A, and on the whole tribe that he represents. Such fellows are the bane of my life. I *hate* them. But this hatred, of course, makes me unhappy; and so, as a mere matter of selfishness, I don't want to hate them. So I wish you would tell me how I can eradicate such animosity, and at the same time hit upon a plan of enjoying social life." You should get married. Your hatred of husbands might then be changed to sympathy, and your chances for social enjoyment be vastly enlarged.

HERMIT.—O, you poor, infatuated young man! Do you really suppose that the glow and enchantment of youth are forever to surround her whom you now, with such juvenile rhetoric, designate as "the star of my life,—the beacon who is to light me along my pathway to the achievement of high and heroic deeds"? Such amorous enthusiasm does not hurt a young man who is in love for the first time—or even for the tenth time—if he only keeps it to himself and does not attempt to inflict it rhapsodically upon his friends—especially his *elderly* friends. The "course of true love" is an excellent thing for a young man to "do," but he must not nauseate his neighbors with his woes. We sympathize with *you*; but, at the same time, we are not destitute of sympathy for that tough old neighbor of yours, around the corner, who has exhibited such discourteous inappreciation of your efforts to lay your sweet-heart in elysium by playing on your accordeon, under her window, at the witching hour of midnight. The old fellow's practical theory of life undoubtedly embraces a sound night's sleep; and hence his attempt to adjourn your midnight musical performance by a few well-directed brickbats. You should respect your neighbors' rights, if you expect them to respect yours.

FAITHFUL.—Here is a young man who says: "Some time ago I fell in love with a young lady, and proved true to my vows up to a short time since, when, alas! I became acquainted with one who *completely stole* my affections from the one whom I had so long loved. I still have a kind and tender feeling towards the first-mentioned one, and have said nothing to her about my change of affection; and I find that I cannot tell her about it—I have not the face to do it, after loving her so long. I would rather cut my right arm off than hurt her feelings in the least. This is no mere idle boast: *I mean it.* But I know that I can never love her again as I once *did*, because I now love another. Consequently, I know not what to do, for I want to act the gentleman in the matter, in every respect. What *shall* I do?" You should hold on quietly for a while, as the chance is that your present love may cool in a short time, and your old love (such as it was) revive. You are evidently a young man of impulsive, extravagant and untrustworthy emotions, and will never be everlastingly true to anything or anybody.

M. C. H.—In some communities the old-fashioned custom which requires all the gentlemen in a pew to step into the aisle whenever a lady wishes to enter the pew, still prevails; but the modern custom of ladies and gentlemen's taking seats in the pew in the order of their arrival is rapidly coming in vogue, and will no doubt eventually supersede the other altogether. It is stated, as a matter of history, that the old custom of putting all the women and children in the farther end of the pew, and keeping the men and larger boys near the door, arose in the old colonial days, when places of worship were often attacked by Indians, and it was necessary for the masculine members of the congregation capable of bearing arms to be ready to repel the assault at a moment's warning. Hence the able-bodied men took their seats next to the pew doors, and had their guns ready at hand, so as to be ready to grasp them as speedily as possible: and hence arose the custom to which we have alluded, and which is now beginning to pass away.

NEPHEW.—The threat of your uncle to "dig your eyes out," must have been made while he was in the heat of passion, or else for the mere purpose of frightening you, without any intention on his part of doing you harm. If you are to live with your uncle for a series of years, you must of course conform to his wishes, and be obedient and respectful to your aunt. No household can afford to have an unruly and disobedient boy in it. At the same time, should your uncle really treat you with inhumanity, while you were blameless of offence, you would be entitled to, and could and should seek redress at the hands of public justice.

A RESTIVE LOVER says: "I am nineteen years old. When I was only seventeen, I fell in love with a *very* pretty girl about sixteen. I addressed her, and she promised to wait till I was twenty-one. She has complied with her promise so far; but I *now* find that I don't love her as I thought I did. I am young and inexperienced, and wish to know how to break the engagement existing between us. Please advise me what to do." Tell the girl what you have told us, and she will probably let you off gladly. The chances are ten to one that she is as sick of the foolish engagement as you are.

MISSOURIAN.—If you are not ready for marriage, and your visits to the girl jeopardise her situation in her aunt's house and expose her to the loss of a good home, you should sacrifice your own wishes for a while, and be very discreet in your conduct towards the aunt. A young man who cannot exercise a fair degree of self-restraint will not be apt to make a very good husband, nor will he stand much of a chance for success in life.

HAM.—If you have no intention of ever marrying, you should not monopolize any young lady's time and attention; and if there *is* any one of the sex who seems to be getting attached to you, you should at once cease your visits to her. But the chances are that your imagination is imposed upon by your vanity.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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